

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

Number 427

Week Ending
MAY 28, 1927

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF THE ALPS

See
Page
Two

DRIVING EVIL OUT OF THE WORLD

THE OLD, OLD TALE GOES ON

One More Good Thing Done
Under the Flag

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRIBE

As this old world goes spinning round it sometimes tells over again the tale it told in the beginning.

Such a tale has just been told in those wild, secluded hills of Upper Burma where the tribes till lately lived as their fathers lived thousands of years ago, serving the gods they feared with dreadful rites of human sacrifice.

Far back in the history of these tribes, as among most primitive men, the gods were fierce beings, not to be satisfied except with the lives of their creatures. They demanded a life before they would send rain or cause the crops to grow. They would send pestilence unless the ground were soaked with human blood, and great calamities might befall the tribe unless the youngest or fairest were offered up to them.

Substitutes for Human Beings

So human sacrifice grew up with the tribe's beliefs, and became stronger and stronger, so that when a chieftain died, or a great man, the tribe sent others with him through the gates of Death to keep him company through the Land of the Great Departed.

That is how all men used to believe and act. But there came a day among those who grew more civilised when feeling turned against this terrible and useless sacrifice, and at last some unknown genius arose who voiced the feelings of his fellows and thought of a way to avoid it. There was no need, he declared, to condemn human beings to the tomb, even to bear a king company. It would suffice if images of his servants and his belongings were put in the grave with him. The gods would accept these as substitutes. They would also be satisfied with the sacrifice of a beast of the field, or even a bird of the air, as a symbol of the worship of their people.

What an Expedition Found

In some such way, we may suppose, the fearful practice of human sacrifice disappeared gradually from the Earth. It lingers still in remote Africa, among the head hunters of Oceania, and, as we have lately found, among these Burma tribes. When a British expedition sought them out in order to persuade them to give up slavery our officers found that there was even more important work to do in abolishing human sacrifice among the head-hunting Nagas. The way of doing it has been the old way of teaching them that substitutes for human beings are most acceptable to their gods. The spirit of the tribe is satisfied, and from now it is

The Man and the Machine



This striking picture was taken with the camera on the ground just in front of the motorcycle. The effect has been to make the machine appear to dominate the man

a little nobler thing than it was before. Among the Nagas head-hunting is a mixture of human sacrifice and tribal feuds. Blood feuds arise between tribe and tribe, and each fresh murder has to be avenged by another. The victims are regarded as very acceptable to the gods. So the task of the expedition has been a double one. First it has had to find a way of settling existing quarrels between the tribes, and then it has had to persuade the tribesmen that buffaloes and bulls are as acceptable to the gods as human beings. Every tribe in the district has now been interviewed, and solemn promises have been given which it is believed will be kept.

Over a hundred skulls, trophies of old feuds and sacrifices, have been surrendered, and at a great gathering of chiefs the priests have announced the readiness of the gods to accept the change! The acceptance was tested by actual sacrifices of beasts after a ceremonial dance. Later the beasts were duly cut up and eaten, so that they served a double purpose.

THE BABIES OF A BABY STATE

Many a mother would like to bring an action for slander when unkind people say Baby has a snub nose. That cannot be done in England, but in Czecho-Slovakia it can. It is right that Baby should be protected in a Baby State.

Even Nurse must be polite to Baby in Czecho-Slovakia. An infant of Prague named Maria Kulka has just won a slander action against a nurse who called her a beast! Apparently at meal-time Maria had found her food not to her liking, and had shown unwillingness to take it; Nurse had been annoyed with her and had exclaimed "Drink, you beast!"

The remark must have been overheard, for an action was brought by Maria's father in her name, and the father won. Nurses in Czecho-Slovakia will have to be very polite to their charges in future, but no doubt the law works both ways, and Baby will be well advised to be very polite to Nurse also. Perhaps in Czecho-Slovakia they always are. We hope so.

CHANGING ENGLAND WEALTH COMING DOWN SOUTH

Ebb and Flow of Tides in Our
Industrial Fortunes

THE ELECTRIC DAWN

A very interesting fact is brought to light in the annual report of the Ministry of Labour. Certain of our great industries seem to be receding from the North and spreading South and West.

If we look at a commercial map of our land we see that manufacturers are centred mainly in the districts in which coal is found.

How, then, can they afford to remove to a distance from the coal-mining areas? It is because we are at last entering effectively upon a new era, the Era of Electricity, in industry. Current can be generated in one place and conducted to another, and realises the dream of power applied at a distance.

Our Debt to the Continent

These strange, slow, but wholesale movements have occurred many times in our national story. For 1500 years we were growers of grain and exporters of wool till the Dutch gave us turnips and other root crops, and enabled us to become the greatest of all cattle-raising peoples. Next religious persecutions on the Continent sent us welcome immigrants, who taught us textile arts and set us on our feet as a manufacturing nation and, for the first time, exporters of finished goods.

The actual movements of trade are as clearly traceable as these changes in our national habits. Up to the 18th century all iron ore was carried South to be smelted and wrought. The trees were cut down and reduced to charcoal. Sussex was the home of the iron trade.

Villages Become Towns

With the discovery of coal as the best medium for making iron the trade went North to the coalfields, and Sussex iron is now but a legend. Climate determined the site of the cotton trade, Lancashire's moist air, heavy and humid from the Atlantic, is ideal for this immense industry, and cannot be superseded. Further, there were river valleys for the first power machines, and the coming of steam merely converted manufacturing villages into manufacturing towns and brought new ones into existence.

The growth of industry necessitated the cutting of canals, and these tapped new centres and fertilised new areas, only, with the coming of railways, to fall largely into disuse. The increase in prosperity as a whole, however, was enormous, and one unexpected effect of the railways was to turn many of our seaports into manufacturing centres, goods being produced where they could be shipped direct to all the markets of the world. Now railways themselves are challenged by motor transport.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

WHAT THE QUEEN IS DOING WITH IT

A Lovely New Room to See in Windsor Castle

THE BIG PROCESSION

Queen Mary has done a delightful thing. She has put the Doll's House, which is one of our most pleasant memories of Wembley, into a special room of its own at Windsor Castle, to be known in future as The Doll's House Room.

To think of that lovely toy building being at home in Windsor Castle is in itself wonderful. And in order to make the Doll's House still more at home there Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., has adapted the room, which was formerly known as The China Room, and Mr. Kennedy North has painted the walls. He began late in 1924 and has only just finished.

The paintings on The Doll's House Room walls are not ordinary pictures. They make a long frieze going all round the room, just at the level of the eye, and they show the Coronation Procession of 1911 returning from the Abbey.

The Pageantry of Old England

The Doll's House has now got a most gallant guard. No matter where you stand you can see the King's horses and the King's men and all the dear pageantry of Old England, which we take for granted and other people come such a long way to see.

This enormous painting is 138 feet long, done on fine canvas specially woven in one piece. There are over three hundred horses in it and nearly three thousand men, and as they are painted on the same scale as the Doll's House it seems quite natural for them to be there in that gay pageant.

This is the first time that a really thorough picture has been made of a Coronation Procession, and it has been painted with great care. Mr. Kennedy North has gone to endless pains to get all the details right. Everything is in the right place; all the troublesome points in connection with the painting of historical costumes have been properly settled.

Prancing Horses

And now they are all there—Grenadier, Coldstream, and Irish Guards, standing round the room, most beautifully backed by an endless gold railing, and in front pacing and prancing the horses we have all longed to see. We see the white horse which headed the procession, the squadron of The Blues, then the black and white horse of the Drum-Major of the Life Guards, the grandest drum-major that ever lived surely.

Then come other gorgeous groups, the King's Watermen, the Yeomen of the Guard, the Indian princes, and many very grand people, before we see the beloved eight cream ponies with the fairy coach, bringing the King and Queen with their crowns on.

Lovely Things Old and New

It often happens that a famous room comes together bit by bit, a little here and a little there. The wonderful thing about The Doll's House Room, which should make it unique, is that all is in scale, and we need not make our necks ache by staring up at pictures which are so often set too high on the wall. The pageant welcomes us as we come into the room, and it seems to say that ever since there was a queen there has been a Doll's House, and ever since there was a queen there has been a crowning; and so these things are here to remind us of the old and the new, of the lovely things that the march of history has not yet passed by.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Anadir	Al-nah-deer
Paraná	Pah-rah-nah
Tintoretto	Tin-to-ret-to
Titian	Tish-an

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Dramatic Discovery on a Mountain Top

TRAGIC MEMORY ON THE HEIGHTS OF TRENTINO

On the grim heights of the Italian Alps in the Trentino, made grimmer by the bitter fighting for the passes and plateaus in the war, a landslide has just revealed a memorial of that tragic time.

It is the Italian unknown soldier in person, an infantryman who perished where he stood against the shoulder of a rock, and who, covered by an earlier landslide of some Italian spring, has remained standing there eleven years.

In such a way died the Roman sentry who was overwhelmed at Pompeii and was covered by the ash of Vesuvius, which bound him fast in his place for more than a thousand years.

The soldier of the Trentino stood with his foot on the step of the trench when Death sought him and a bullet found his brain. He died standing, rifle in hand, and the rock of the mountainside bore him up.

Buried by a Landslide

Retreat bore his regiment backward, and the trenches were never re-occupied. Winter came, and in the spring that followed the mountain's loosened stones slipped down, covering the soldier, and he was lost to sight.

One day, a few weeks ago, some mountain climbers exploring the old battlefield saw a strange sight against the skyline; it was the figure of the soldier, not, indeed, come to life again, but wondrously preserved in death. He stood there like a memorial sculptured by Time. The icy cold of the heights had kept his body from decay, the stones had been kind to him and hidden him, and, last of all, Nature, with relenting touch, had sent another landslide to sweep away the first and disclose his story to his countrymen.

Perhaps the Italian people may put there a memorial to this steel-capped fighter. His body has been removed to lie in peace among his sleeping comrades.

A FRIEND OF R. L. S.

Sidney Colvin and His Great Book

The death of Sir Sidney Colvin, in his 82nd year, has snapped a link with the literary life of the last generation.

Sir Sidney was one of the closest friends of Robert Louis Stevenson, and kept up a long and intimate correspondence with that most interesting of modern men of letters. Only one or two such friends of Stevenson now survive.

Colvin, who was an official of the British Museum, being Keeper of Prints and Drawings, was a skilful and experienced art critic and a charming writer. It may be questioned whether anyone has written a more completely satisfactory book than his latest volume on the life and writings of John Keats. Not only does he trace in one volume the career of the poet, but he examines with fine literary judgment the whole of his poems. As an example of a comprehensive book, full in knowledge, sympathetic in spirit, and wise in its conclusions, this book on Keats reaches the high-water mark of just criticism.

A CLOCK THAT RUNS ITSELF

There is a strange clock in the Polytechnic Institute at Zurich, Switzerland, which never needs to be wound, but is run by a mechanism which is set in motion every time the temperature changes two degrees.

CHANGING ADDRESSES AT THE ZOO

MOVING DAY AMONG THE REPTILES

The Plucky Keepers with the Sacks at Regent's Park

A MAN TO A FOOT OF SNAKE

The Zoo is hoping to open a new Reptile House at Whitsuntide, and the unpleasant task of moving the inmates of the present Reptile House into their new home has been started.

Moving mammals and birds from one part of the Gardens to another is comparatively easy, for birds are caught in a net and then carried to their destination, and if a mammal is too big or too wild to be coaxed into a box all that needs to be done is to place a travelling-box containing food in the cage, and sooner or later hunger forces the animal to enter the trap.

Putting Snakes Into Sacks

But moving reptiles is a complicated and dangerous business. It is impossible to persuade an alligator to do anything, and it is equally useless to try to trap a large snake in a box by leaving food as a bait, because snakes can exist for a long time without food and a three months' interval between their meals means nothing to them, so that the only way they can be moved is by force.

A few days before the large constricting snakes are moved the temperature of their dens is gradually lowered, so that the reptiles will grow cold and become torpid and comparatively harmless. Then keepers enter each den, bundle the occupant into a sack, and carry it out. If the reptile is not sluggish enough to be treated in this undignified manner, and raises its head as the den is entered, two keepers hastily throw the sack over its head and hold it tight; and as the creature gradually uncoils its body it is pulled toward the door, where two more men take the head and others take hold of the rest of the body at the rate of one man to a foot of snake.

The Keeper's Advantage

The crocodiles and alligators also give a good deal of trouble, and before they are touched the water is drained out of the ponds, because, although they are very active in the water, when the ponds are drained they have difficulty in turning quickly, and the keepers have the advantage. Again one keeper to a foot of reptile is needed, and, like the pythons, the crocodiles and alligators are gagged and blindfolded with a sack. The greater part of the reptile's strength lies in its tail, which is first secured, and, bellowing with fury, the creature is carried out. The crocodiles are not usually difficult to manage, but the largest of the alligators, an aggressive, ill-tempered reptile known as George, gives a great deal of trouble.

Poisonous snakes are allowed to grow slightly cold and are then picked up on a two-pronged stick and quickly placed in a box.

Other venomous reptiles have to be handled with equal care, and in every case the head must be held firmly to prevent a bite, while the tail is also grasped to render the creature helpless.

THE BLACK MAN OF AUSTRALIA

We were speaking the other day about the black man of Australia. Now particulars are to hand as to his numbers.

The figures tend to confirm Sir Baldwin Spencer's statement that the Blacks are dying out, but there are more of them than was supposed. In 1924 there were 62,000 full-blooded aborigines; last year there were 59,000. The number of half-breeds, however, has increased from 12,000 to 15,000. Over 11,000 live in camps in Queensland and Western Australia.

WHERE DOES A RIVER GO?

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE MANIFOLD

An Ingenious Search for Underground Waters

MYSTERY OF THE HILLS

At last the mysterious Manifold River has been forced to reveal something of its carefully guarded secret.

The Manifold is a Staffordshire stream on the mountainous borders of Derbyshire, rising on Axe Edge, a thousand feet above the sea, and flowing twenty miles through a rocky valley into the River Dove. For four or five miles near the end of its course (at Wetton Mill) it disappears from its natural bed into underground tunnels and caverns.

Colouring the Stream

It has always been assumed that a stream in the grounds of Ilam Hall is Manifold reappearing, but there were those who challenged the assumption, and never till now has it been possible to prove its truth.

C.N. readers will remember that efforts were made last autumn to learn the truth by putting colouring matter into the upper reaches of the stream, and that the colouring matter failed to show its presence where the water reappeared. Now, however, a more systematic attempt has been made.

Over sixteen gallons of concentrated colouring matter, specially prepared and certified by the Trent Fishery Board to be harmless, was put into the river in the course of twelve minutes, 200 yards of the stream being coloured by it. More than 24 hours later the reappearing water five miles below began to show a faint colour tint, and this continued for two hours and a half. The inference is that the colour must have been widely diffused in great volumes of accumulated waters in underground caverns, and probably also further diluted by other inflowing streams.

Underground Tributaries

Careful calculation shows that something like six times as much water rises at Ilam Hall as disappears at Wetton Mill. Moreover, fifteen yards away from this uprising there is another, which the colour test now shows to have nothing at all to do with the Manifold River proper. Where does it all come from?

In addition to the chemist with his colouring matter a water expert has been at work, and claims to have discovered four separate points at which underground tributaries have joined the main stream. Another fact to be remembered is that up to a hundred years ago copper mines, the largest in England, were worked in the Manifold Valley, and that work there was finally stopped by a great inrush of water. It is believed that some of this water may have found an outlet in one or other of the two uprisings.

THINGS SAID

I am a great lover of idleness.

Lord Balfour

I thank God I was born poor.

Mr. John Pearce

It takes £1000 of capital to employ the average worker.

Sir Ernest Benn

To have a sound and healthy nation it is necessary to get at the minds of men and women.

Mrs. Hilda Cashmore

In Britain you possess one of the most beautiful bits of the whole created world. It is a land of infinite variety and charm.

The American Ambassador

To find pleasure in torturing and killing a defenceless animal bespeaks a thoughtless person, immeasurably lower in certain respects than the wolf.

Archdeacon of Westminster

FEEDING EGYPT'S ANCIENT MASTERS

THE CORN BINS OF THE CONQUERING PERSIANS

A Picture of 500 B.C. and a Picture of Norman England.

WHAT THEY ATE IN DOVER CASTLE

That famous explorer of the buried past Sir Flinders Petrie has had another rare adventure, this time in "Egypt over the border," as he calls it, among the ruins of the ancient city of Gerar. Reading his story, one is forcibly reminded of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.

Not that Dr. Petrie and his British School of Archaeology have had to slay robbers concealed in giant oil jars, for their experiences have been as pleasant as they were profitable. And there has been no Open Sesame to roll back the portal of Ali Baba's treasure cave; the password has been expressed in blows of pick and shovel, wielded by a multitude of native Ali Babas, who, gently marshalled by Sir Flinders and Lady Petrie, have lately been following a settled occupation for the first time in their lives.

Buried by the Sands of Time

Dr. Petrie's treasure house is no cave in a forest, but a city in the open, buried by the sands of time, thousands of years old, 50 feet of ruins, city upon city, civilisation upon civilisation. The containers of Gerar are greater than humble, happy Ali's oil jars; they are, indeed, huge circular granaries, each capable of storing 800 tons of grain.

Like the oil jars, they had a sinister meaning; they once held provisions for the feeding of 100,000 men for three months at a stretch. Sir Flinders knows their meaning. They date back to 500 B.C., and their store constituted the rations of the spear-head of the army with which conquering Persia held down the kingdom of Egypt.

Rations for Three Months

The sum was simple enough to work out. There was a month's corn for use while the army was assembling, a month's corn for forcing the desert road, and a third month's corn to sustain the army which had to besiege and subdue the frontier fortresses. None too much to allow for safety, says the veteran discoverer. If the Persians had had a few geniuses like Morgiana, Ali Baba's wonderful slave, there would have been no shortage.

It is interesting to compare this store with one of a different sort, that with which the magazines of Dover Castle were charged when the old fortress had to house a thousand Norman defenders for forty days.

The Norman Larder

There were 180 quarters of wheat, to make 1000 loaves a day. Meat was provided on 18 of the 40 days, this necessitating 2080 carcasses of beef, 270 of bacon, and 162 of mutton. For the 22 fish days each man had five herrings daily, a fifth part of a cod, or half a stock fish. Cheese was allowed in fixed proportions to be served to the men if they were on duty repelling assaults when other food could not be provided, and on such occasions a pottage of flour and cabbage was added.

So much brushwood served to bake the bread and do the brewing, but "sea-coal" furnished heat for other purposes. A hundred pounds of coarse salt supplied all needs; beef-fat made the candles, and 300 pounds of mutton-fat was the sole balm for the wounds of knights and soldiers alike.

We may believe that surgery was more efficient and varied in ancient Gerar than in the Dover Castle of Norman times, but in both the methods of Baba Mustapha, the cobbler contemporary of Ali Baba, must have been not unknown.

THE PIONEER WOMAN



Determination, by H. A. MacNeil



The Signal, by F. Lynn Jenkins



Setting Out, by Bryant Baker



A Mother and Her Children
By Mahonri Young



Looking Ahead
By Jo Davidson



The Mother and Child
By Wheeler Williams

America has just had a competition for a monument to the typical pioneer woman, and in these pictures we give some of the models that were submitted

WILL WAR MEN DROP POISON GAS?

AGREEING ON ONE GOOD THING

A Little Step in Disarmament Taken at Geneva

HOW TO KILL A NATION IN A DAY

The High Contracting Parties undertake to abstain from the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or similar gases, and all analogous liquids, substances, or processes.

They also undertake to abstain from the use of all bacteriological methods of warfare.

They also undertake to abstain from any preparation in peace-time of these methods of warfare.

These are tremendous words. If they really meant that the nations of the world had actually agreed never again to use poison gas or disease germs against each other they would represent a tremendous event. But they do not mean that—yet.

Something Done

What has actually happened is this. The Preparatory Commission for drawing up a programme of discussion for the Conference on Disarmament next year has sent out its first draft of a programme and has adjourned till November, when it will go over the draft again, giving it what it calls a Second Reading. There is a large number of important points on which the Commission failed to agree at the First Reading, so that many of the most important passages are printed in parallel columns, some of them setting forth exactly opposite views on the questions with which they deal.

But on this question of poison gas and germs the delegates were unanimous. They were unanimous that the Disarmament Conference should be invited to consider the adoption of declarations on the subject in the words set forth above. We may hope the Conference will not only consider but adopt them; public opinion must be brought to bear everywhere to secure that an arrangement will be come to next year.

The Awful Alternative

At present our own Government, like all the others, is busily experimenting with improvements in poison gas, and hundreds of cats, guinea-pigs, goats, mice, monkeys, rabbits, and rats are being killed every year to test its efficiency. Mr. Edison says that already sufficient progress has been made to insure the poisoning of all the inhabitants of London in three hours. Sir Oliver Lodge says practically the same thing, and awards equal power to the deadly microbe. The Chemical Warfare Service of America has discovered a liquid of which three drops will kill a man if they touch his skin. General Swinton says we now have germs with which aeroplanes could kill a nation in a day.

So that this Declaration drawn up at Geneva is quite worth while. It is something. Let us take warning, however, not to trust it too far, even when it has been solemnly affirmed by all the nations of the Earth. We have had many agreements for humanising warfare, and we know what happened to them. There is only one sure way of limiting the horrors of war, and that is by abolishing war altogether.

THE REPAIR GANG

Last winter an electric power line broke in an isolated part of Ontario, and it was found impossible to reach the break with horses or motor-cars owing to snow.

However, it was imperative that the line should be repaired, and the superintendent loaded his repair gang into an aeroplane and sent them by air.

ZOGU OF THE MATI DICTATOR OF ALBANIA

Building Up a Nation Out of
Wild Tribesmen

LEADING BETTER THAN DRIVING

All over Central and Eastern Europe new nations are struggling toward a solution of the problem of self-government. Each has its own difficulties, and those of the little Republic of Albania are by no means the least.

The chief difficulty in hammering out Albania's system of government is that she is not sure whether she wants a Government at all. In the old days under Turkey every man was his own policeman. Liberty to him meant liberty to carry a gun, and patriotism meant resisting all outside interference and paying no taxes. Till the coming of Albania's present ruler, Ahmet Zogu, no Government could change that outlook.

Unconquered Mountain Tribes

Probably no one else could have changed it. Zogu comes of a feudal family which had ruled for centuries an alliance of unconquered mountain tribes in Central Albania called the Mati. He had been exiled to Constantinople by his elder brother, but escaped when he was only 16 to put himself at the head of the clans opposing annexation by Serbia.

That was in 1912, and for the next nine years, in spite of all the changes of Government, military occupations, international controls, kingships, commonwealths, and the rest, he and his tribesmen maintained themselves unconquered and unconquerable.

Making Albania Safe

They were not long content with isolation. Zogu, at the head of the best fighting material in Albania, became an important personage. At 25 he was Minister of the Interior, then twice Prime Minister, and once the only Minister who was not a fugitive in face of revolution. Three years ago, for a few months, a Liberal rising under Bishop Fan Noli drove him into exile at Belgrade. But he soon came back, and with the help of his tribesmen and a specially summoned Assembly a Republic was proclaimed, with himself as President.

Since then he has frankly depended on the arms of his Mati tribesmen for his power, as Mussolini depends on his Black Shirts. With their aid he is training an army, and it is his boast that no one except the army and his own tribal bodyguard is allowed to carry arms, and strangers may travel in the wildest parts of the country in safety.

To Encourage Progress

Ahmet Zogu is admittedly for the time being an autocrat, but his ideal is government by consent. He does not believe in progress by Government edicts. The healthiest progress, he says, is that which grows out of the rising standards and desires of the people themselves. He wants to encourage progress rather than to impose it, and he means to postpone making laws until they can be popular and permanent.

Zogu's three chief aims, he says, are public order, education, and the development of agriculture. He is trying to set up schools everywhere, and so destroy the reproach that not one in five of his countrymen can read or write. Technical education is being given by an American school in Tirana, the capital.

In two years Zogu has built 300 bridges and culverts, and hundreds of miles of roads. His treaty with Italy, which has caused so much anxiety, was made in order to get money, but he means to keep his country independent.

His enemies accuse him of atrocities against his former opponents, and there is little doubt that acts of repression have been severe, but it is claimed that they have been exceptionally mild for the Balkans! Rather Eastern, too, are some of the methods by which the new

LONELY NEW ZEALANDERS

First Women Seen for
Five Years

Many of our readers may remember an interesting letter sent to the C.N. some time ago by Mr. H. F. Chaffey, from a remote part of Nelson, New Zealand, where he lives at Asbestos Cottage, Upper Takaka, alone with his wife, far removed from the nearest inhabitant. We have now received another letter from this old friend, who is a mineral prospector in this far-away place. Mr. Chaffey now tells how, in consequence of what appeared in the C.N., he received correspondence from England, Scotland, the United States, and Barbados. The asbestos deposits have not yet been worked, but he has found promising quartz and some alluvial gold. During the Christmas and New Year holidays his wife and he had 22 visitors, 13 being girls and women, and quite a gay time was passed in his lonely dwelling. They had not seen a woman for more than five years.

That, however, is not likely to occur again, for the New Zealand Tourist Department is now making improvements in the approach to this district, with huts to enable visitors to view the magnificent panoramic scenes from the various mountain tops.

These facts may interest our readers as signs of the expanding holiday life of New Zealand.

FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES OVER AGAIN

The Chinese Way

People say in Europe that there is no use making rules about how to fight a war, because the side that is getting beaten will always break the rules rather than go down.

But in China they make rules and keep them. Perhaps they are not so much afraid of being beaten as we are, because no one ever seems to win or lose there.

It seems that one of the strictest rules of war in China is not to fight when it is raining. All Chinese soldiers carry umbrellas, and of course it is rather difficult to fight when one is holding an umbrella up.

But one day recently a Chinese general actually attacked an enemy while it rained. His opponent lodged a strong complaint, and it was decided that the battle did not count and must be fought again. And fought it was next day, to everyone's satisfaction.

BELL DAY

Remember June 30

June 30 will be Bell Day, when the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor will sell emblems with tiny bells attached which can be fixed on the collars of pet animals, so that they shall have music wherever they go.

This is to raise money for the new hospital now being set up at Wanstead for sick animals. The Dispensary treats nearly half a million sick animals a year, but these are mainly out-patients, and the society wants to be able to deal with in-patients too.

Sellers are wanted for Bell Day, and those willing to help should write to 14, Clifford Street, W.1.

Continued from the previous column

roads have been built, for the law requires that every citizen shall give ten days of free labour each year for the benefit of the State! It is felt that that is just and right.

Ahmet Zogu is a picturesque figure in his snow-white uniform and high plume, with his bodyguard of mountaineers and his dapper little army. History will judge his efforts for his country by one test—their results.

A SHIPLOAD OF MONKEYS

300 Pounds of Rice for
Dinner

THE ORANG AND THE COBRA

A queer cargo was brought to London the other day by the steamship Mahronia. The vessel carried 1600 rhesus monkeys from India to be distributed through various European menageries and zoos.

It is said to be the biggest shipment of monkeys on record, and the little passengers consumed 300 pounds of rice at every meal. Five babies were born on the voyage.

Luckily there were no mutinies, but another ship carrying wild animals was not so lucky. Mr. Robert Nelson, a marine engineer of Sunderland, has lately described his experiences on that occasion. The ship was proceeding from the Dutch East Indies to New York, and during a storm some of the cages got damaged. Suddenly an orang-utan appeared in the engine-room with a coal hammer in his great hand. The engineers fled before him, and he proceeded to work havoc.

Meanwhile the mate had been awakened by the entrance of a cobra, which writhed its way into his cabin and, when he fired a revolver at it, dived through the port-hole into the sea. A valuable specimen was lost!

For a time the ship was all in confusion, for there were tigers and great apes in the collection, but at length the animals were recaptured and the voyage was resumed without a casualty, except for the cobra which we believe the mate refuses to think of as a loss to society.

THREE WHITE HORSES

The Anzacs and the Arab
Steeds

Two eminent New Zealanders and an Australian who have been visiting the scenes of Anzac bravery in Palestine have been a little embarrassed by the attentions of their Arab hosts.

After a meal they were presented with Bedouin robes and daggers of finest workmanship. Then, as they departed, they found in the courtyard three white Arab horses, beautifully caparisoned. Sir James Parr, who represents New Zealand in London, was invited to take his choice.

What was he to do? How could he get the beautiful creature home? He solved the problem by making his hosts this little speech:

"I gratefully accept the gift, and as I intend to return one day I beg you to keep this wonderful steed for me, so that when I come I may ride with you over your country."

His two companions, Sir Edward Chaytor and General Dodds, in their turn made similar replies, and all parted the best of friends.

OUR OLD FRIEND CASTOR OIL

Give It to the Insects

Insect pests are like boys and girls. We are sorry to say so, but entomologists have forced it on us. They say that the pests which prey upon the cotton-growing districts only detest one thing, and that is castor oil.

Chemists have invented other things, but one expert says that they are only palliatives, and that the sole way to frighten the insects away altogether is to use castor oil. Of course, planters cannot chase individual insects with a bottle and a spoon, so it is proposed that they should grow castor plants between the rows of cotton plants. In this way they will have less room for cotton, but if they get rid of the insects they will produce more of it, and the castor crop will also bring in money.

TROUBLES OF EUROPE

CAN THEY BE PUT RIGHT?

The League Takes a Hand in
the Business World

AMERICA AND RUSSIA AT GENEVA

The month of May, 1927, will be recorded in history books as the time when the first attempt was made, on an international scale, to get at the root of trade difficulties, to find the causes of widespread unemployment and excessive prices, and to bring benefit to every home by solving some of the problems.

Tremendous interest, all the world over, is taken in this conference. For months past facts, reports, and suggestions have been pouring into the G.H.Q. of the League of Nations from trade organisations, cooperative societies, chambers of commerce, every kind of industry, as well as from workers, employers, and professors. They are all convinced that the League offers the means of doing useful, practical business.

Pointing the Way

The delegates to the conference are very conscious of the high hopes that are placed in them, but they know that this is only a beginning. They cannot by a wave of a magic wand abolish unemployment, reduce prices, restore prosperity; but they feel that they can point the way. Three or four weeks of frank consultation between men and women from forty-seven countries, knowing their subject and intent on achievement, cannot fail to throw light on the general direction that should be followed, to give vigorous impetus to those who should follow it, and to educate the opinion of the world. Then it is the countries themselves, their Governments, their trading and business concerns, which must apply the remedies found.

The United States, Turkey, and Russia, not yet members of the League, are joining in the conference. Happily Russia and Switzerland were reconciled just in time. It is a sign of the importance which these countries attach to the conference that they feel they cannot be left out; and it is of tremendous interest to the supporters of the League to have these three countries there.

Committees for Special Questions

The first four days of the session were occupied by speeches on the general situation of business and trade. The opening meeting was almost like an Assembly, there were so many people present. Indeed, the actual number of delegates is greater than at an Assembly, and the full meetings, for that reason, are held in the Salle de la Réformation, where the Assembly always meets.

After the general discussion separate committees are formed to discuss special questions. Two of the most important questions, which have been given chief attention, are tariff barriers and industrial agreements.

THE BEAUTIES OF ULSTER

Little Known Holiday Lands

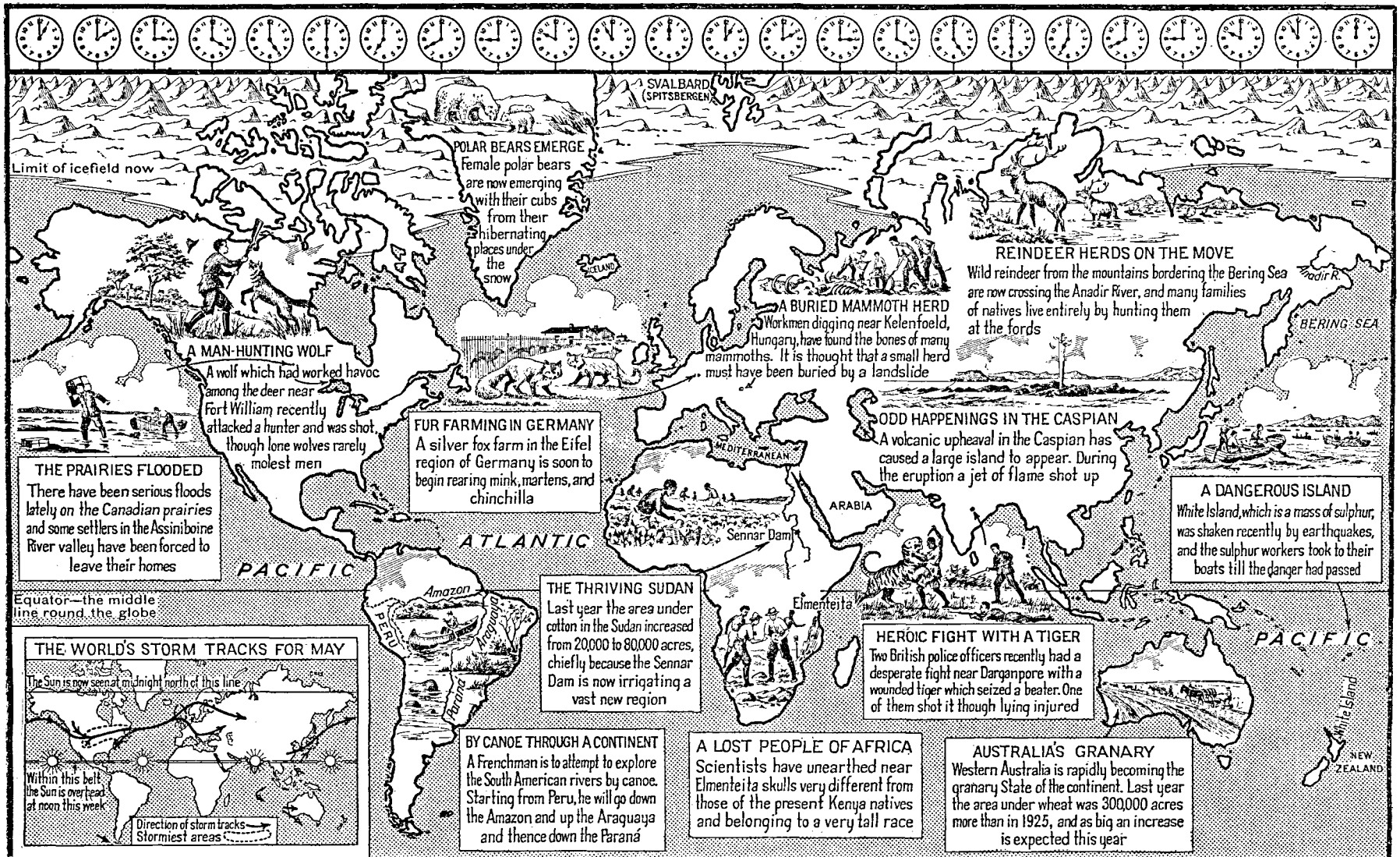
An Ulster reader wonders why more seekers after natural beauty do not sample what he regards as the surpassing attractions of Northern Ireland.

It is certain that there are few parts of the British Isles with greater charms than the counties of Down and Antrim, from the Mountains of Mourne round to the Giant's Causeway, particularly the splendid coast road from Larne northward. Belfast is a most convenient centre, with ready access to many beautiful spots.

In Southern Ulster is the beautiful double lake of Lough Erne.

A holiday in this part of Ireland may well be combined with a visit to the Galloway district of Scotland before crossing from Stranraer to Larne.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SAID TO BE DEAD The Good Man Who Liked Albert Dürer

One of the museums in Brussels has been holding an exhibition of the drawings of Albert Dürer, the famous German artist of the sixteenth century.

It was a most interesting show, and crowds of people flocked to see it, among them a certain honest citizen whose enthusiasm reached such a pitch that, on returning home, he sat down and wrote to Mr. Albert Dürer.

In his letter he told the artist in glowing words how much he liked his drawings, and invited him to call on such and such a day with samples of his work, as the writer had a good mind to buy some of it. He addressed the letter to Mr. Albert Dürer at the museum where the exhibition was held, and the postman duly delivered it, but was told by the hall-porter that the addressee was unknown there. Incredible as it seems, the postal authorities then returned the letter to the sender marked: "A. Dürer's address unknown; he is said to be dead."

OWNS MORE THAN ENGLAND A Cattle King's Estates

On his seventieth birthday a man has landed in England who controls or holds 60,000 square miles of country, more than the area of England and Wales.

He is Sir Sidney Kidman, the Australian Cattle King. It is said that one could travel almost right across Australia from north to south and never leave his land. He is a great believer in peopling the Commonwealth with white immigrants, and once took out 25 London bus drivers to work on his stations as boundary riders.

Sir Sidney is a lifelong teetotaler and a non-smoker.

FREEDOM FOR BIRD AND BEAST Another Place Safe for Them

That great Liberal statesman Lord Grey of Fallodon has received the title deeds of Hawksmoor estate on behalf of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest. Henceforward 207 acres of lovely woodland and bracken-covered slopes will become a sanctuary for birds and beasts.

The movement to make Hawksmoor a national possession was begun by Mr. J. R. R. Masefield, of Cheadle, who is a relative of the poet and therefore ought to be as much a lover of singing birds as Lord Grey is. He guaranteed the purchase money, which has since been raised by public subscription. Not only the birds and beasts which will live here unhunted, but also the Staffordshire folk who have had a beauty spot saved for them, must be grateful to him.

It is glad tidings that one more corner of England is to be "for ever England."

THE GOLDFISH MAN King of an Odd Little Business

A man who sold ten thousand goldfish a week has lately died in London.

Goldfish first came to England about two centuries ago, but it was Luigi Cura and his father who made them popular in the parlour windows of the nation. They began almost by chance. The Curas came to London from Italy sixty years ago, when Luigi was a boy, and his uncle sent them a can of goldfish to comfort them in their exile.

Finding the fishes interested their neighbours, they began to import them and sell them. After a time they added tortoises to their stock-in-trade, and forty thousand tortoises, as well as half a million goldfish, passed through their hands in a year.

A THING THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED Wasting Thousands of Boys and Girls

There are 30,000 boys and more than 30,000 girls on the books of the Labour Exchanges who have nothing to do but roam the streets.

They are allowed to leave school at 14, and they either do not find work at all or find work and lose it again. Mr. T. R. Ackroyd, the great friend of Manchester boys, points out how this army of juvenile unemployed goes tramping up and down the streets, largely under no control at all and losing the benefit our educational system has given them, physically, mentally, and morally.

The education of our young people, he says, should no longer be considered finished at 14, and assuredly he is right. What tragic waste it is to allow this gap between school and work! At least those who cannot find situations with the promise of permanent employment should remain at school until they do.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

30 Rembrandt etchings . . .	£10,000
Painting by François H. Drouais . . .	£8920
A Spanish helmet of about 1470 . . .	£3900
Painting by J. H. Fragonard . . .	£3570
Early 17th-century Italian sword . . .	£3000
Engraving by Albert Dürer . . .	£2500
A Louis XV marqueterie table . . .	£2467
Painting by J. B. Greuze . . .	£1995
A 16th-century Italian shield . . .	£1900
Pair of Royal wine cups and flagon . . .	£1680
Ironwork altar by L. Piccinino . . .	£1450
Brussels tapestry, 17th century . . .	£1417
Early 16th-century suit of armour . . .	£1250
German armour headpiece, 1450 . . .	£1250
An arquebus of 1583 . . .	£1050
14th-century ivory triptych . . .	£300
A German pistol of 1580 . . .	£300
A 16th-century steel casket . . .	£240

ROCKEFELLER TO THE RESCUE A Home at Last for London's University

The great riches of America have done for London University something the British Government could not afford to do; they have enabled the University of London to have a home worthy of its position in the Empire's capital.

It is to be built on the site offered by the Government seven years ago, eleven acres between the British Museum and University College. The Government offered it originally as a gift, but on condition that King's College surrendered its splendid site between the Embankment and the Strand, which King's College refused to do. Now the site, which the Government returned to the Duke of Bedford, its original owner, has been bought direct from the Duke without any conditions.

That is a great triumph, and it has been made possible by the splendid generosity of the trustees of the noble Rockefeller Foundation, founded, in the words of its charter, "to promote the well-being of mankind." The Rockefeller trustees have come to the rescue with a grant which, with help from the Government, pays not only for the site but for the building to house the offices of the University.

JOHN GALT Canada Remembers a Scot

John Galt is remembered in Scotland for the wit and pathos of his novels of village life, but in Canada he is remembered as the man who ruined his health and his fortune in his efforts for her development.

A maple tree has now been planted in his memory at Guelph, in Ontario, which he founded a hundred years ago. A portrait and a bronze tablet have been placed in the town hall.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 28 1927

A Very Gallant Lady

WE feel that we need have little hesitation in saying that one of the bravest English-women alive is Miss Violet Wood.

This brave lady is a daughter of the famous novelist Mrs. Henry Wood, who taught all her children to be merciful to animals. Miss Wood has given up her life to trying to lessen their sufferings, and particularly she has struggled to get humane-killing methods employed by butchers. She found that the best way to convince slaughtermen of the ease and safety of the humane-killer was to demonstrate its use herself.

So it is that this gallant woman has forced herself to do this terrible thing in the capitals of nearly every country in Southern and Central Europe. "If a woman can do it I can do it," the butchers have said as the animal fell, slain without pain. As a result of her work 120,000 animals are now every year killed without terror in Rome alone.

As a rule it is only a very hard person who can face the work of killing cattle, yet never has a gentler or more compassionate woman lived than brave Violet Wood, who gives up her life to do the work she hates for the sake of saving animals from pain. It is hard to imagine anything braver than that.

It is a special kind of courage. Many women have shown, and show every day, that they can face pain and heartrending sights. Brave nurses did it in the war, and do it still in many a hospital. But that is a courage which becomes part of the day's work, something prepared for and expected. It is its own salvation and reward.

But the courage which seeks out a painful experience and goes unaccompanied through it, doing something for which there are no thanks but perhaps only a little surprise (and perhaps even a little resentment) that the thing should be done, is different. It belongs to that quality of mercy which is twice blessed. It makes the world better. It adds its mite to the slowly-awakening conscience of humanity, which day by day and year by year shrinks from inflicting pain on any of God's creatures.

Least of all should we incur the danger of inflicting pain on those lowly creatures which minister to our needs and for which we do so little in return.

Most of us wish the humane-killer could be adopted everywhere, and perhaps a few of us have appealed to our butchers to use it. If Miss Wood can do what she has done can we not at least do a little more than we have done, and rest not day or night until the cry of the animals slain for us is heard no more?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London.
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Idlers and the Workers

I AM always glad to hear that there are some hours in the day in which nobody is going to ask me to do anything. Yet, after all, if you were to separate a hundred children, or a hundred adults, into halves of fifty, and say to the one "You shall work your eight hours a day steadily, week in, year in, week out, year out," and to the others "You shall never do anything," those last would certainly commit suicide before the experiment had continued very long.

Lord Balfour

The Sprawling Mind

WE were reading the other day that a famous surgeon always travels with a copy of Shakespeare's sonnets in his car, and always begins the day by reading a few verses from the Bible.

He says he is quite certain the mind is strengthened in many and diverse ways by acquaintance with noble language, and that the power of great words to tone up the mind should be taught in all our schools. This is one reason why slang should be discouraged. It has an injurious effect on the mind's health. Lord Morley used to say that a conversation with Mr. Gladstone always did him good because it toned up his mind and made him careful to use only the right words to express his thoughts. Slack talk means a slack mind, and drawing words are a sure sign of a sprawling mind.

The Tongue in the Cheek

Moscow has adopted English as the official diplomatic language of Bolshevik Russia.

When Mr. Chicherin consults Mr. Stalin about the next unpleasant trick to play on England he speaks in English. Everybody, down to the humblest clerk in the Moscow Government offices, has to learn it. English Spoken Here is the Bolshevik slogan.

The Government wireless broadcasts lessons in English. Some of our own listeners may pick up a sentence or two; and if this method of English education goes on long enough it may be brought to include a few English maxims, such, for example, as *Honesty is the best policy*, or *Evil communications corrupt good manners*.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of insult, but if the Bolsheviks would imitate something English besides our language we could forgive it.

Perhaps there is a little hope. Beginning to copy our language, who knows that they may not end in copying a few English ideas? It is clearer and clearer every day that if the few Russians who domineer over Russia really believed in peace the whole world could have peace. A little English fair play, as well as a little English speaking, would do wonders in Moscow.

Explorers All

A WELL-KNOWN poet has said that mankind may be divided into two great classes: one class contains people who want to lord over others, and the second class contains people who want to understand others.

He feels pity for the first class because their ambition is so low and paltry, and he says of the second class that they alone possess the secret of joy, and only from them can come a cure for all the troubles of the world.

We are glad of this opinion because we have always tried to explain that there is no adventure so interesting and satisfying as the great adventure of making friends. The real world of exploration is character, and happy is the explorer who understands the people he encounters on the road of life.

Tip-Cat

A BROADCAST talker has been discussing Yachting on a Small Purse. For yachtsmen who are in low water.

It would be terrible, writes a journalist, if we all had to be familiar with Chinesenames. Weshould feel spellbound.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL says every time the clock ticks Mr. Churchill has spent £26. Owing to the Budget deficit he has to live on tick.

AN American staying in London for ten months has electric heating installed in his flat. Wants to keep in touch with current affairs.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If forthcoming volumes book shelves

CHICAGO boasts that it is blessed with everything there is. We should hardly have said blessed.

AN aviator's journal thinks the dark days of aviation are over. Summer is near and there's a good time coming for fly-papers.

THE other day a monkey looked in at a window and interrupted a meal. The diners cut and ran.

Lilac Time

O, I never longed for castles on a golden crag in Spain,
Or a fountain-girdled villa by the blue Italian sea,
Or a palace built in Bagdad in Haroun-al-Raschid's reign,
With its rafters all of silver and its floors of porphyry.

When a bird is in the lilac, when the sun is on the dew,
When a bee is in the tulips, and a rose is on the wall,
Then I think of every treasure in the Old World and the New,
And an English cottage garden seems the goodliest of all. Country Girl

The Country Girl's Best Friend

Bows from the yew tree,
Masts from the pine,
Oil from the olive,
Fruit from the vine,
Oak for the rafters,
Birch for canoes,
Poplar for cobbling
Little Dutch shoes,
Fir trees for paper,
Laurels for fame,
Willow is king of
England's own game.
Maple for fiddles,
Cocos for flutes,
Cedars were felled for
Troubadours' lutes.
Ash for the wagon,
Beech for the wheel,
Teak for the ship's deck,
Elm for her keel.
Table and bookcase,
Cradle and chair,
Make them of walnut,
Rosewood, and pear.
Many rich presents
Trees give to man;
Which is the best gift?
Tell me who can.
*Spring lanes are calling:
Worth all the rest
Walk-mate, old Ash Stick,
Your gift is best!*

Sowing the Seed

WE never know what the results will be of a piece of work faithfully done, even though apparently unnoticed.

In the early part of his career Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of the famous Dr. Ward Beecher, the American preacher, once engaged to preach for a minister whose church was in a remote district.

It was in midwinter; the day was stormy and cold, and the snow lay so deep that he could scarcely find his way. On his arrival, although the church was empty, he took his seat in the pulpit. Presently one man came in and sat down, and the preacher began. As the service closed the solitary hearer departed and left the preacher alone.

Twenty years after Dr. Beecher was travelling in Ohio when a stranger accosted him. "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago to one man?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "that I do; and if you are the man I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man," came the answer. "That sermon changed my life and made a minister of me; and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!"

Angels

Some come as verse, and others seem
A sense, a sight, a sound, a touch.
Some come as action, some a dream.
Mine vary, O so much!

One comes in form of answered prayer
Direct from God. Another comes
In cap and bells, fresh from a fair,
With song and dance and drums:

Egbert Sandford

May 28, 1927

NO FLOWERS BY REQUEST

THE SAD STORY OF HERR HEINRICH

Why a Dapper Little Man is Out of Work

THE STONES THAT RATTLED ON THE TABLE

A dapper little man is now walking about the streets of Dresden trying to think out a new way of making money. He is Herr Heinrich So-and-So, and he found a good and easy way some thirty years ago when he decided to become a spiritualistic medium.

Perhaps we are wrong in saying that it was a good way, and it was certainly not altogether an easy way, because it required a good deal of ingenuity to avoid being found out.

Yet for year after year Heinrich wandered about Europe giving spiritualistic séances, where flowers and pretty little stones were scattered about the room, on the table, or among the sitters round it. The flowers and stones apparently came out of space. Herr Heinrich said they did, and that they were materialised out of the spirit world by the powers within him.

Something From Nothing

What Heinrich did to lose the war is not told; but after the war, when there was a great revival of belief in spiritualism and clairvoyance and other superstitions, Heinrich flourished. He was received with applause in London, and was hailed as the famous Bringing Medium of Dresden because of the things he brought apparently from nowhere.

At a séance at a well-known meeting place of investigators of spiritualism in London Herr Heinrich surpassed himself. He produced out of nothing (so it seemed) a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, and from him proceeded stones, which rattled on the table and when the lights were turned up were found there. Not all the investigators were quite satisfied. In spite of the medium's European reputation there were some who asked that some proof should be given that there was no trickery, and that the medium had not produced the flowers and the stones as a conjurer might produce them from his sleeve.

What the Doctor Found

Herr Heinrich agreed, and submitted a new suit to inspection. There did not seem to be anything in its pockets or linings, so he was dressed completely in it, still under inspection, and was afterwards covered with an overall, tied at the ankles and wrists. Then he was politely invited to go into a trance and produce what he could.

He did, but the crop was smaller. No lilies-of-the-valley appeared, and only two small stones.

Still, there were stones to be accounted for, and the medium was submitted to a severer examination before the next sitting. He was stripped, and a doctor examined him. The doctor, an inquirer of a thorough kind, found two small stones fixed at the back of Herr Heinrich's ears by means of flesh-coloured sticking-plaster. Herr Heinrich appeared to be very much upset. He could not explain them.

The End of the Séance

He was taken to the séance room, where the expectant spiritualists were not told of what had happened, and the proceedings opened as usual. But only one small stone materialised, which someone unkindly suggested Heinrich had hidden in his mouth. It was all that was produced in an hour; and all the medium could say was that some enemy must have planted the stones behind his ears.

He refused to give any further sittings because he had been upset. He went back to Germany still feeling upset; and that is all for the present.

VEGETABLES WHICH EAT STONES

THE storied stones of England have been made to seem even more a part of the life of the nation than ever by a report which the Government Department of Building Research has published.

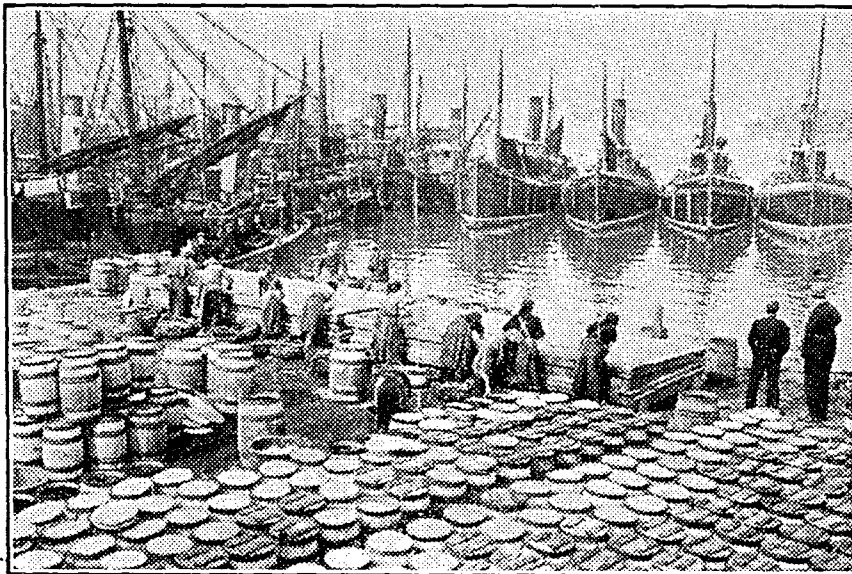
Storms beat against the walls of abbey and castle and cathedral, the rain of hundreds of years falls on them, the frosts of winter nip them, the smoke of towns eats into their vitals; and, as if all this were not enough, we now learn that bacteria attack them.

Bacteria, as we know to our cost, may be very good servants but very persevering enemies. The Government investigators, Mr. Scott Russell and Professor Paine, say they can bite granite

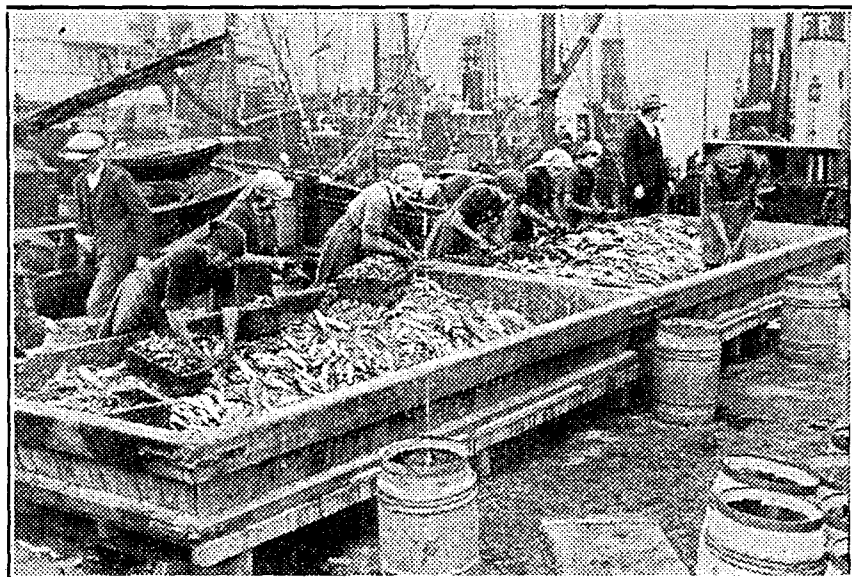
and that Portland stone is food for them. Up to the present no animals have been found which will eat stone. The bacteria are vegetables, and stone for them is a home. They burrow into it like cave-dwellers. If they were mere lodgers on the surface the harm they do would not be great. But it seems certain that these tiny invaders demand board as well as lodging, and in some stones dig their way in till they are two feet from the surface.

There are in all about twelve different kinds of stone-penetrating bacteria. The guilt of all of them in destroying the stone which harbours them is not proved, but a strong case is made against some of them.

THE HERRING GIRLS AT WORK



Cleaning the fish on the quay



Preparing the herrings for the barrels

A number of Scottish fisher-girls have gone to the coast of Southern Ireland, where large shoals of herrings have appeared lately. In these pictures we see them at work cleaning and preparing the big catches brought in by the fishing fleet. Later on the girls will visit the East Coast of England to deal with the herrings there

A KING TELLS HIS ANCESTORS

SIAM has been celebrating the completion of her independence by a quaint ceremonial, half State dinner and half religious service, presided over by her king, Rama the Seventh.

Nearly twenty years ago Britain agreed to abolish the special Consular Courts in which cases affecting British subjects were tried, and her example was gradually followed by other Powers. Now the last Consular Court has gone, and Siam has set up a new Customs tariff of her own. It is this double event the King has been celebrating at Bangkok.

In a speech at the dinner he told how the first three kings of his family had to fight against enemies on the frontiers of Siam, as in the olden days, and so preserved her independence. His more immediate predecessors had

had quite as great a danger to resist in the domination of European Powers. That was a danger to which most of their neighbours had succumbed, and from which only the sagacity and ability of three kings had saved Siam herself. He wished the last of them (his own brother) could have lived to see that celebration of the completion of his work.

But there on an altar in the banquetting room stood three golden caskets containing the relics of the three kings, placed there, said their living representative, in order that those present might make an offering to the mighty dead of the knowledge of what their labours had now accomplished. Then, before the altar, the king informed his ancestors of what had been done, and prayed for a blessing on his people.

CHINA KALEIDOSCOPE

ANOTHER TURN ROUND

The Extremists Go Too Far and Meet Their Doom

WHAT BRITAIN IS WAITING FOR

The darkest hour comes before the dawn, and in the midst of the incredible chaos in China there are signs that better things may be in store.

What all friends of China want to see is the emergence of a stable Government speaking for the whole nation. For years the quarrels of the Northern War Lords made anything of the sort seem hopeless. Then came the Nationalist movement from the South, and its capture of Hankow and Shanghai and Nanking seemed to point to the spread over all China of a Government looking to the people for its authority.

Defeat of the Extremists

Unfortunately, however, the Southern Government was itself torn by internal dissensions between moderates and extremists, and the extremists, under Bolshevik influence, preached a mixed gospel of Bolshevism and hatred of the foreigner which threatened to wreck the hopes of the moderates for an ordered national rule. The outrages on foreigners at the taking of Nanking were intended to destroy the power of the moderates by discrediting the moderate Southern General Chiang Kai-shek with the foreign Governments.

Instead of this the outrages gave the moderates their opportunity. They threw over the extremists, whose headquarters were at Hankow, and set up a new Government at Nanking. This Government proceeded to mete out dire punishment for anti-foreign excesses with a severity and effectiveness of which, as the British Foreign Minister says, no foreign Power was capable.

We may well believe that the presence of the British Navy had no small share in inspiring this zeal for law and order, but it is even more satisfactory to know, again on Sir Austen Chamberlain's authority, that its chief inspiration was the discredit which the outrages brought on the Communists and their foreign advisers in the eyes of all China.

Mr. Chen Discredited

It need not be supposed that Eugene Chen, as Foreign Minister in the Hankow Government, had any responsibility himself for the outrages on foreigners, for he had been a moderating influence in its counsels. But he failed to dissociate himself from the extremists when the new Government was formed, and so he is discredited with them.

The immediate result of this latest split is to put China nominally under three Governments instead of two, and that does not seem on the face of it to bring us nearer the day when there will be only one Government for all China. Moreover, a new Government which owes its power to the action of a soldier sounds rather too much like the Governments set up by the Northern War Lords at Peking. It is for these reasons that the moment seems to be the darkest hour before the dawn.

Hope for the Future

Still, the dawn may be coming. There is very good hope that the Bolshevik Government at Hankow will disappear; and Chiang Kai-shek has given earnest assurances that he does not seek power for himself but only wishes to serve as the instrument of a Government which will carry out the programme of the great Nationalist movement for the salvation of China.

Britain has nothing but friendship for these Nationalist hopes, and will do nothing to hamper their realisation. She is waiting for a Government with which she can negotiate, and she will do all she can to help it when it comes.

STORIES FROM THE WILD

AN OWL'S REVENGE

Is There a Mind Dimly Working in Lowly Creatures?

THE SEAL IN TEARS

Hooter is a tawny owl which lives in a country mansion instead of a hollow tree. He was adopted by Miss Frances Pitt in his early days, and he wanders about the house as freely as a cat or dog.

Hooter's favourite perch is a curtain pole in the drawing-room. One day a housemaid, who wanted to turn out the room, was obliged to sweep the owl off his perch with her broom. It was a great indignity, but Hooter avenged himself.

The next day the girl was passing through the hall when she received a sudden blow on the head. Swooping down on his noiseless wings, Hooter had struck her with all his might. She screamed shrilly, and he sailed off triumphantly hooting. Evidently an owl can experience the feeling of revenge as well as a man.

Two Ravens and a Cat

Joe the raven was just as human. He loved butter, and when offered small pieces on his mistress's hand would pick them up gently and carefully, leaving not a scrap behind, yet going so delicately that his great beak could hardly be felt. One day he was offered a piece of butter-coloured soap. Joe gave it one look, guessed there was a catch somewhere, and punished the joker by a hard peck which left a mark.

Joe and his brother Ben had quite as much sense of fun as two mischievous boys. They used to conspire together to tease the cat. Joe would hop up in front and flutter his wings to hold her attention while Ben crept up unnoticed in the rear and suddenly gave her tail a bite. She leaped round, and Ben flew off, while Joe seized the tail in his turn.

Have Animals Minds?

Miss Frances Pitt, whose splendid Nature books have earned her the title of the Boswell of wild life, tells these stories in her newest work on Animal Mind, published by Allen and Unwin at 15s. It was suggested to her by a friend, who exclaimed as he watched a rook, "I wonder if that bird is flying haphazard? Has it made up its mind where it wants to go? Has it got a mind to make up?"

Miss Pitt, whose pictures of wild life the C.N. Monthly has often published, has had a great experience of the ways of the animal kingdom, and here she reviews the evidence available and concludes that the higher vertebrates have minds. She does not minimise the part instinct plays, but she does show that many animals act intelligently and from motives curiously like our own.

Where Men and Beasts are Alike

Mother-love will drive a timid rabbit to attack a stoat. Love of a mate will keep a fox or eagle faithful all their lives. We have seen that birds can act from motives of revenge or mischief. The desire to have possessions is shared by men and beasts alike. What difference is there between the woman who collects diamonds and the crow who collects bits of glass; the man who banks money and the vole who buries grain; the Border chieftains who fought at Chevy Chase and the couple of moorhens who drive all others off their pond?

But perhaps the most human of all the creatures Miss Pitt mentions was the grey seal she stalked on a lonely Shetland beach. When she photographed him tears of fright ran down his cheeks. We can all sympathise with that grey seal!

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A hundred girls employed as nutcrackers have been out on strike.

A British railway company has lately lost 65,000 towels by theft from trains.

Over 150,000 meals are served in the House of Commons every year.

The Bible Society sold ten million Bibles last year.

Thames Sailing Barges

The old-time race between Thames sailing barges is being revived.

Dear Strawberries

Disease has made certain a shortage of strawberries in the West Country this year.

Chess Wireless

British and Australian Parliament teams have played their first chess match by wireless.

A Valuable Cherry Orchard

The orchard near Teynham where cherries were first planted in England has just changed hands at £400 an acre.

The Viper Killer

The village postman at Hackness, near Scarborough, has killed over 500 vipers on his rounds.

More Motorists

The A.A. has established a new record by electing over 11,000 new members in a week.

A Colossal Wages Bill

The printing trade in Britain has a wages bill of something like a million pounds a week.

Barristers Both

Mrs. Dapho Powell, of Glamorgan-shire, is the first woman to join her husband as a barrister at the English Bar.

The Things Men Do

A fire is stated to have been caused at Tooting by a man looking into a wayside petrol pump with a cigarette in his mouth.

The Smoke-Makers

Of 3,000,000 tons of fuel poured out from chimneys in this country all but half a million tons are said to come from domestic fires.

A Bird Among the Boys

A trustful thrush has built her nest and reared her young ones in the playground of Step-gates School, Chertsey, where 300 boys play games with no thought of hurting her.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME

How Do Animals Find Their Way?

A Norfolk Rector who has read the C.N. from its first number writes about the cats who walked many miles back to their old homes.

I have known several instances of this (he says), but what puzzles me is how they know where to turn when starting from the new home. I once gave a fox-terrier to a friend who lived nine miles away, as the crow flies, in a north-westerly direction. I took him to our station, three miles to the south-east, and put him into a guard's van, in which he travelled to my friend's nearest station, twelve miles along the line. Then he was driven in a dog-cart to his new home, another mile and a half.

Next morning my wife met the dog trotting to the Rectory from the direction of the station!

He had been taken to the station in a south-easterly direction; he had travelled by train in a northerly direction, and he had finally been driven to his new home in a south-westerly direction. How, then, did he know which way to turn when he started for his old home the next morning? The dog had never before been to the new home or anywhere near it.

I was not able to discover whether he came across country direct, or made his way to the railway station from which I had sent him, and thence to us.

LEAVING FACTS FOR FAIRIES

A Professor Forgets His Science

It is pleasantly surprising to catch a learned professor like Dr. Leonard Hill in the act of telling fairy tales to his children when his day's work on actinotherapy is done. It must, we are sure, have been the pleasantest surprise of Dr. Hill's sixtieth birthday to find that his friends and his assistants in his work had had the stories published in a book for other children to read.

That was not the end of the surprises, for they appear on every page of this book, *The Scarecrow and Other Tales*, which is published by the Actinic Press; and in order to simplify matters it will be well to explain that actinic and actinotherapy refer to the value and use of light in maintaining health and curing disease.

The stories are full of odd fancies—of a cottage that was built of lovely slices of mutton with a carrot for a door, of the Bogue who lived in a box in the attic and flew away with his yellow hat and green eyes when the box was burst open; and of the sniggler who hid down the well. The stories, indeed, are so bright that they will do what the light does, for they will make children smile, and while they do that they will keep well.

COCKNEY IMPUDENCE

Big Ben and the Sparrows

Outside one of the Editor's windows a pair of sparrows flit in and out of a hole in a neatly-tiled wall where years ago they found a crevice which seemed excellently suited for an ideal home.

This is one of the ways of London sparrows at which no one will be surprised. But it might have been expected of these Cockneys that if they took liberties with an editorial sanctum they would, at any rate, respect such a public figure as Big Ben, especially now that he is broadcast everywhere.

Such has proved not to be the case. The microphone which helps to distribute Big Ben's chimes is wrapped in cotton-wool to soften the bell's voice, and the wool, in its turn, is enclosed in a sort of football bladder.

The sparrows found it out, and most of us have heard by now how their sharp, inquiring beaks attacked the bladder, pierced it, and made free with the wool inside, which has largely gone to stuff this or that sparrow's home.

So Big Ben now clamours a little louder, and the smallest London bird has thus, in its way, made its influence felt in the ears of every listener-in.

RUFF GOES TO CHAPEL

How Does He Know the Time?

We hear from Somerset a story of Ruff, an old English sheepdog of Hatch Green Farm, near Taunton, who goes regularly to chapel twice every Sunday, and sometimes three times.

He is even more regular than his master and mistress, our correspondent tells us, yet he never goes alone. At his own time he takes up his position outside the front gate, and waits. If his master and mistress are away, or if they have not come out when a certain old gentleman comes by, Ruff attaches himself to this friend and walks sedately with him to chapel.

During service he lies quietly in the chapel porch, and when it is over he exchanges greetings with the members of the congregation as they come out, for he has many friends among them. Then he returns to the farm in the same company as he came with. He never makes a mistake as to the day.

THE CAT IN ST. PAUL'S

Willy's Dream with His Box of Chalks

HOW IT CAME TRUE

Everyone who has a pet cat will be interested to know that a humble cat is immortalised in St. Paul's.

When Sir William Richmond, the artist, was a small boy his mother took him to the cathedral to hear the singing, and he was disappointed because everything was so cold and colourless. He said to his mother suddenly, "Perhaps one day I shall decorate this place!" and we can imagine how she smiled at the thought of Willy colouring the walls with a box of chalks.

But the boy's dream came true, for somebody else thought with him that the interior of the cathedral needed colour and decoration, and in 1890 Richmond, then a famous painter, was entrusted with the work of designing mosaics to cover the roof of the choir.

The Painter and His Cat

The westernmost of the three saucer-domes in the choir vaults represents the Creation of the Beasts. Richmond had a favourite cat which loved him so much that she used to attend him even while he had his bath, and when he got out she would crouch down and lick his great toe adoringly.

She was not beautiful or valuable, but the grace of her attitude so charmed the artist that he decided to use it in his great work. In a panel near the Creation of the Beasts there may be seen Adam between a lion and lioness. The lions are so true to life that when they were shown to a Zulu chief he started and involuntarily raised his hand to stab. But the lioness is really a little tame cat licking her master's foot.

Sir William Richmond commemorated another friend by depicting Mr. John Burns as an archangel on the roof over the choir stalls, but, of course, this portrait is not half so interesting as the other. We have other ways of remembering Mr. John Burns, in spite of the fact that he has allowed himself to be forgotten all these years; it is only the cat, humblest of all domestic creatures, whose good fortune at getting into St. Paul's with Nelson is so astonishing.

LIKE A FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A Woman in the Goldfield

Australian women must be proud of Doris Booth. Her husband set out for New Guinea to seek a fortune in the Edie Creek goldfield, and in spite of being far from strong she insisted on sharing the venture with him.

Half way there her health broke down, but the brave little woman would neither turn back nor be a burden to her husband. She insisted that he should go on and stake his claim, while she followed alone with a few natives, who were believed to be untrustworthy. The people in the part of New Guinea through which she travelled like this are cannibals.

At the goldfield she found 130 sick men. The plucky woman at once opened a hospital and began to bring hope, order, and sweetness into a place of sickness and chaos. She saw that much of the illness was caused by bad food, and she planted vegetables for her patients. She became a kind of Florence Nightingale of the goldfield.

It is gratifying to know that the Booth claim is said to be a lucky one, worth now some £40,000.

A MOTHER AND HER LAMB

A Story from a Golf Course ANIMAL'S APPEAL TO A MAN

Here is a story reaching us from a Scottish golf course.

A considerate player when about to drive off from one of the tees saw, at a dangerous distance, a young lamb, separated some way from its mother. At the same time the mother sheep appeared to realise the presence of danger, and uttered her summoning call.

The lamb understood, and moved to rejoin its mother, but found itself confronted by a newly-cut ditch, too deep and too steep for either of the animals to cross. They stood facing each other on either side of the ditch, the mother panic-stricken with alarm and bleating excitedly, the young one bewildered and uttering plaintive answering cries.

The golfer approached them on the side of the trench where the lamb was. As he drew near it ran confidently to meet him, and rubbed itself appealingly against his legs as if asking for his help. Quite naturally, it allowed him to take it up in his arms, and he carried it to its mother, who welcomed it with eagerness and what seemed like gratitude. Neither showed the least fear.

The reader who sends this to the C.N. is much impressed by the good feeling existing between animal and man. Should it not be placed largely to the credit of some shepherd of whom the sheep and the lamb had perhaps a warm remembrance?

A JUTLAND SCHOOL

Where They All Speak English

The children at the secondary school in Silkeborg, in Jutland, the prettiest town in Denmark, should all be readers of the C.N. They are certainly clever enough, for they all understand English.

So proficient are they in our language that the Town Council and the Headmaster, with the approval of the Danish Board of Education, have arranged that English students of physical training, who will be attending a special class instituted for two years by the distinguished gymnastic teacher Mr. H. G. Junker, are to instruct the children in physical drill, and English will be the only language used in these classes.

Silkeborg stands on a delightful river, the Guden Aa, and is the creation of a single man, the builder and architect Michael Drewsen, who in 1844 fixed on this situation as the ideal spot for a spa and holiday centre. For thirty years Drewsen worked away at his task of making Silkeborg famous, and today it is the best-known tourist centre in the kingdom and a place of pilgrimage for travellers from all over the world. It has no history, no associations with the past; it has only beauty, and the delights of lakeland and forest and rolling hillside. No lovelier place could be imagined for cultivating a healthy mind in a healthy body.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

Eighth List

We give below a list of a few more contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill.

25. Miss Edith Crookshank, Cape Province.
21. Mrs. Corelli, Winnipeg. 15s. Primrose and Mary Challis, Cambridge. 10s. Interested Reader, Felixstowe. 7s. 6d. Mary Fawns, Switzerland; Grandma and Amy Shingler. 6s. 6d. E. M. F., Southport. 5s. Mrs. Piper, Ontario; Nancy Markus, Hampstead; Belle Vue, Salisbury; W. H. K., Hornsey; 1st Headstone Girl Guides, Harrow; Miss Mackay and Children of Stixwold C.E. School; Class I, Waldron Road L.C.C. Girls' School, London. 2s. 6d. C.N. Reader, South Africa; John and Louis Waldron, South Africa; Miss H. Beeley, Doncaster; C.N. Admirer, Anon.; H.B. Leicester, Singapore; Dorothy and Willie, Bwlchyciban; Mark Dorman, Ashford; Rhoda Unwin, Orange Free State; Mary Ingle, New York; W. Mills, Ipswich; Constant Reader, Preston; C.N. Reader, Transvaal; John, Margaret, and Ursula, Paignton; C.N. Reader, Sunderland; E. K. H., Northampton; Beryl Webb, Rochford; V. M. Brind, Bristol; Grizel Warnock, Forres; Lover of C.N., Ashford; T. H. T., Cornwall; J. and C. Rogers, Blackheath.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

Little Jacopo Robusti

Tintoretto died on May 31, 1594.

On the last day of May, 1594, there died in Venice a man whom genius and industry had driven out of an obscure home and lowly paths into the highway of fame. He was known as Tintoretto, but that, as in the case of Botticelli, was a nickname.

Tintoretto's father was Battista Robusti, a dyer or tintore, and the lad Jacopo worked in his early teens at his father's trade. He was already known as Il Tintoretto, the young dyer, when he found his way into the company of apprentices and admirers who haunted the Venetian studios.

The Great Man's Pupil

The great man of Venice then was Titian. To the dyer's son he was more than a hero, he was a miracle. Tintoretto had seen every picture of his that could be seen by the public in Venice, had stood before them for hours, absorbed, learning art before ever he had touched a painter's brush.

In his teens he entered the workshop of Titian as apprentice, became one of a number of youths who fetched and carried, mixed paints, and in odd hours learned to draw. Tintoretto had more than his share of genius, and a determination to succeed. He had already got an ideal of his own about work, and his manner was not Titian's. One day Titian, then at the height of his fame in Venice, came into his workshop, and passing through the lower rooms to his studio chanced to see some drawings lying on the floor.

"Who did these?" he asked, and tremblingly the boy said they were his.

Dismissed But Not Dismayed

Titian marched off, and soon after Tintoretto was told he was dismissed. Whether it was that Titian was afraid of a rival, scenting genius in the work, or whether he was angry because someone in his employ was drawing in a different way from his no one knows.

Poor Tintoretto suffered in spirit more than anyone could dream, and his resolve to be a great master strengthened in proportion. The men who ruled Venice and loved art had set aside certain benches under the arches of the Rialto for the use of painters who could not afford a workshop. Tintoretto joined the out-at-heel company, and painted anything he could think of that would sell to a passer-by.

In this way, after years of hard work, poverty, and unshakable purpose, Tintoretto got his heart's desire. Venice saw his work and pronounced it good. He was given commissions. The day came when dukes and nobles of Northern Italy were glad to call him friend.

A Tireless Worker

His rate of work was stupendous. He was above all a fresco painter, and has been called the greatest devourer of walls ever born. His later years were spent happily in a cultured home circle, with a few friends and books and a little music; but in his studio he showed to the end the working of that restless, fiery energy. He was seventy-six when he died, still fighting for his ideals as an artist, and leaving behind an honourable name as a man.

A great mass of his work is in Venice. There are canvases by him in most of the public galleries of Europe. In the National Gallery we have an allegorical picture, *The Origin of the Milky Way*, and also a fine portrait which the National Gallery bought for itself in 1924 to mark the centenary of the founding of a national collection.

WHAT A TRAVELLER SAW ON THE AMAZON

A frog that comes down from a height like a parachute was one of the wonders of the Amazon forests described by a traveller home from Brazil not long ago.

The first experience of the forests which fringe the banks of the Amazon, he says, was disappointing. So much had been heard about the birds of brilliant plumage which flashed from tree to tree and the fantastic animals which lurked in the shadows that he was unprepared for the lifeless and oppressive silence. At last he learned that the forests were indeed tenanted.

But many creatures were in the tops of tall trees, and many others had such wonderful protective mimicry that, although they were on the ground before his eyes, he could not see them. As for noises, although the forest was silent by day, directly the Sun went down it became vocal, and there was one great insect which set up a shrill whistle only to be compared to a railway engine's.

Frogs that Glide Through the Air

The climbing power of some frogs is remarkable, and not only can they climb, but they can also glide through the air. The traveller saw them climb up great posts at night to catch the moths which had been attracted to an electric lantern, and then they apparently jumped off into dark space. After watching them for some time he tried an experiment. He took one of the frogs up a water tower 140 feet high and let it drop from the summit. The frog stretched out its arms and legs and glided down, taking several seconds in the descent, and landed, uninjured, thirty yards from the base of the tower.

One giant toad, over six inches long, was found making meals of birds, though how it caught them the traveller could never discover. Then there was a bird-eating spider whose body was as large as the palm of a boy's hand.

Alligators that Swarm in the Rivers

One of the tree-dwelling lizards had an extraordinary tail, and used it like a hand. As for snakes, there were as many snakes in Brazil as in any part of the world, but in his journeys, covering thousands of miles, he saw very few, and not a single poisonous one in the wild state.

Journeying a thousand miles up the Amazon, the traveller found the rivers and lakes in this region swarming with alligators and man-eating fishes. The alligators are as common in the waters there as tadpoles in a stream in England. They are immense creatures, with tails that are even more to be dreaded than their jaws. They live mainly on fish, but are not averse to flesh or fowl. Sometimes cattle stray down to the waterside to drink, and their feet are embedded in the mud, so that they are quickly caught and dispatched by the alligators.

The Formidable Ant-eater

Among larger animals is to be found the opossum, which will go five or six miles to steal from a chicken-run. These are the only marsupials in the New World, and the young are carried in the mother's pouch for eight or nine weeks.

The traveller brought home an ant-eater, which was fed every day of the homeward voyage on six eggs. The ant-eater is about the size of a fox-terrier, and is perhaps the strongest animal for its size in the world. When his specimen was allowed on deck everybody had to be very careful and respectful, because with its fearful claws it could make a mark which would never disappear.

LOADING SHIPS BY AIR

A ship used on the Great Lakes for carrying cement from a large cement works in Michigan to Chicago is loaded and unloaded by compressed air.

The concrete is handled in bulk, and is simply blown into the hold through large pipes, and when it reaches its destination more compressed air simply blows it out again.

WHERE TO SEE THE ECLIPSE

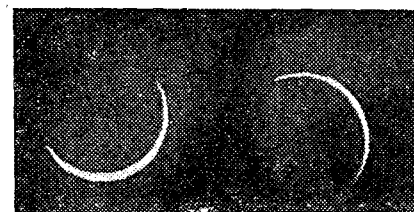
PARTIAL AND TOTAL

The Sun as a Crescent in Scotland and Southern England PATH OF THE MOON'S SHADOW

By the C.N. Astronomer

As the coming total eclipse of the Sun will be visible over but a very limited area of England and Wales, it will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers to know what eclipse phenomena may be expected over the remainder of Great Britain.

The "belt of totality" is approximately but thirty miles wide, the central line of the belt extending from Criccieth to Southport and from thence to Richmond and Hartlepool, passing a mile or two north of each town. Anywhere along this central line will, weather permitting, be best for observation. But at any place within about fifteen miles either north or south of this line the eclipse is expected to be total, though near either the northern



The eclipse of the Sun on June 29

Left, at its greatest phase in Southern England; right, as seen from Northern England and Southern Scotland

or southern limit of this thirty-mile zone totality is likely to be instantaneous. Moreover, should the calculations be not quite exact the grand phenomena of the total eclipse may there be missed, so it is desirable to be well within the edge of this belt of totality, say, five miles or so.

To the south of this region of total eclipse the Sun will be seen but partly eclipsed, a very narrow rim of his brilliant surface alone remaining visible beneath the lower part of the Moon when the greatest phase occurs.

Near the belt of total eclipse this crescent of solar light will be exceedingly thin—the merest streak—but nevertheless giving much more light than a full Moon. This streak of the Sun will therefore by its brilliance completely obscure the grand corona and the wonderful prominences which are the glories of a total eclipse.

Farther to the south of England and Wales this crescent of the Sun will increase with the distance from the belt of totality, until as far away as London and southern England .04, or nearly one-nineteenth, of the solar disc will be visible at the greatest phase, as shown in the picture. Northward of the belt of totality the Sun will appear as a fine crescent above the Moon, which, by the way, will be invisible.

Morning Twilight

The width of the solar crescent will be greater the farther the observer is north of the region of total eclipse, until in the Edinburgh and Glasgow area between .02 and .03, or about one-fortieth, of the Sun will be visible at greatest phase.

The time of the greatest phase of the partial eclipse or the middle of the total eclipse will be about 6.20 summer time for London and the south of England; 6.28 for the Edinburgh and Glasgow district; and 6.24 to 6.25 for the belt of totality.

Over the partial eclipse area there will be nothing approaching darkness, but Jupiter should be visible, almost due south and midway between the horizon and overhead. The effect will be that of twilight, greater in intensity the nearer the observer is to the belt of totality. G.F.M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus, Mars, and Mercury in the north-west. Saturn south. In the morning Jupiter south-east.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure •• By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 17

A Discovery

It was now afternoon. The Borosina, helpless without petrol, was for the present negligible; Michael guessed that Mirski would probably have the vessel towed to his headquarters, and that would take some time. How could that time best be utilised?

"We had better get back to our inlet," Michael suggested. "We shall be out of sight there, and while we take a meal we can talk about plans. I confess at present the chances of finding and getting into touch with Larry seem pretty desperate."

"Never say die, sir," said Bunce cheerfully. "I've been in some pretty tight corners in my time, and I've always come out with flying colours, as you may say."

They ran back to the inlet. Ah Sung brought food and drink out of the stores; they made a rapid meal; then they climbed up the rocks again to a point whence they could scan the network of waterways, and settled themselves to a serious discussion of their problem.

It appeared from what Ah Sung had learned in the village that the pirates' headquarters lay somewhere in the neighbourhood of the wireless masts which Michael had seen on the first day of his expedition with Larry. That spot, so far as he could remember, was some miles from Lo Fing's farm. Was Larry a prisoner there?

It was quite clear that the wireless message he had sent Michael (the message interrupted by a shot) was not sent from the Annabel; therefore in all probability it had been sent from this installation on shore. Could it be that the pirates, detecting Larry in the act of despatching his message in the dead of night, had shot him out of hand? Michael shuddered at the thought.

"If you ask me, sir, I say tain't likely," said Bunce. "For why? Because the beggars would find him more useful alive than dead."

"You're a cheerful soul, Bunce, and I hope with all my heart you're right," said Michael. "Well, now, assuming that he is there, and alive, it's our job to get him away, and that means—"

"What you may call burglary, sir; creeping up quiet, and—"

"That's all very well," Michael interrupted. "On this flat coast, where the country for miles inland is a network of creeks and swamps and paddy fields, a motor-boat must be very conspicuous, and the throb of our engine can be heard a long way. If the pirates once detect our presence the game is up."

"Well, sir, what I say is, wait till night, then go along quiet and slip up that creek you spoke of—drift up on the tide, no engine a-fussing—then go ashore and make what the sojers call a reconnaissance. It's a rummy name for a scouting trip, but you know what I mean."

"That's a good idea. The Moon rises early, and I can easily find my way to Lo Fing's farm by moonlight. He may help us—though perhaps not, for I remember his manner was rather uneasy the day we saw him: very likely he'll wish to keep out of our affairs."

The little party waited somewhat impatiently for nightfall and the rising of the moon. Then Michael ran the Bantam without mishap to the mouth of the well-known creek. Here he stopped the engine; Bunce let himself down into the dinghy, and with muffled oars towed the launch with just enough force to give her steering way as she floated up on the tide.

As they drew near Lo Fing's farm Michael expected to hear the barking of dogs, perhaps to see lights, for it was barely ten o'clock and Chinese often keep late hours. Presently he became conscious of a strange, acrid smell in the air. Going

round a slight bend, he looked out for the farmhouse on the right bank.

"What's happened to it?" he thought. "It looks different."

"Bad fella makee plenty bobbely, galow!" murmured Ah Sung.

In the moonlight it seemed that the farmhouse had lost part of its pagoda-shaped roof. Michael jerked the tow rope as a signal to Bunce to stop rowing; the launch glided up to the dinghy.

"I'm afraid there's been dirty work here, Bunce," he said. "Put me ashore. I must go and look for Lo Fing."

With great precautions to avoid noise Bunce pulled the dinghy into the bank.

"Wait for me," said Michael.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I'll go along with you. Who knows what's yonder?"

Michael could not decline the man's support, and after mooring the dinghy they hurried over the two hundred yards separating them from the farmhouse. The acrid smell was now very strong: even before they reached the building they knew that it had been burned. The barn, indeed, was still smouldering. There was no sign of any living thing, man or beast.

"Poor Lo Fing! What's happened to him, I wonder?" whispered Michael.

Stepping cautiously over the still-smoking embers, he went into the house, leaving Bunce on guard outside. Here was the room where he had more than once enjoyed a simple meal with the friendly farmer. He looked around; shafts of moonlight fell through the broken roof, showing up nothing but heaps of ashes.

But stay! What is that? In the far corner lies a dark mass. Michael hastens to it, stoops. Heavens! it is the body of a man! Michael bends lower, listens, places his hand over the man's heart.

"He's alive!" he ejaculated.

"Bunce, come here!"

The bo'sun hurried into the room. Together they lifted the inanimate form and carried it into the open air. The moonlight shone upon the face, but it was unrecognisable from dirt and smoke. They bore the man down to the boat, and dashed water over his face. He shivered, sneezed. Dipping his handkerchief in the water, Michael wiped the man's face, and when the coating of ashes and grime was removed he was hardly surprised to see the features of Lo Fing.

They rowed him to the Bantam, and in a few minutes, under Ah

Sung's ministrations, he revived and told his story. He confessed that he had been forced again and again to pay tribute to Ming Wang Tang. When at last he protested that he had nothing left the pirate, believing that he had a secret store, had come in person and threatened to burn the place and throw him into the flames unless he revealed his hiding-place.

Disappointed, the pirate had ruthlessly carried out his threat.

But Lo Fing, left, as his persecutor thought, to burn alive in his own house, had crept into a cellar, where, although nearly suffocated, he had lain until the fire had burned itself out. Then he had crawled out, only to lose consciousness on the floor.

"Then you knew all about the pirates when my brother and I called here a few days ago?" said Michael.

"I did, but such was my fear—"

"I understand. Now, tell me, has there been any talk of a white man prisoner among the pirates?"

"There has. I heard of him in the village. Ming Wang Tang captured him, and spared his life to make him put up the strange talking machine."

"That is my brother, Mr. Fing, and we have come to rescue him."

CHAPTER 18

The Pirates' Flotilla

THE first thing was to secure themselves for the night, and reach a position from which they could make further progress in the morning. Lo Fing explained that he knew a spot farther up the river where they would be perfectly safe, and, the tide being still with them, they drifted along for rather more than an hour.

On the way, in answer to Michael's questions, Lo Fing gave such details of the pirates' recent proceedings as he had been able to glean. The wireless masts, he said, were supposed to have been erected under the authority of the Tuchun—the military governor of the district. The few people of the neighbourhood had been forbidden to mention them; they were to be used against the foreigners. But on the day after Michael's shooting expedition Ming Wang Tang, who had had his headquarters many miles away, had moved into an old, disused fort with a large body of his followers, and there was no sign that the authorities were taking any steps against him. Indeed, it was whispered that he was in league with the Tuchun.

"Is that likely?" Michael asked of Chang.

"In the present unhappy state of China it may well be true," was the reply. "The people have long been grumbling at the exactions of the mandarins under the rule of the Sons of Heaven; but they will be realising now how fortunate they were if they are under the heels of the pirates."

"And what is this fort?" asked Michael.

"I do not know," Lo Fing answered. "There is a curse upon it, and none of the people of these parts will go near it."

"How far away is it?"

"Seven or eight li farther up the river. Then perhaps three li across the country."

"Shall we get to the spot you mentioned before the tide turns?"

"That we shan't, sir," Bunce put in. "Tide's on the turn now."

"That's a pity. I suppose we daren't start the engine?"

"It would be a call for death," said Lo Fing. "The sound would be heard very far, and would give the sons of iniquity warning of your presence."

"Then we shall have to tow against the tide—tough work."

"Me and the Chinky can do it, sir," said Bunce, with a gesture toward Ah Sung. "Come here, old one o'clock, and let me feel your muscles."

Ah Sung imperturbably allowed his muscles to be felt.

"As hard as mine, though not quite so big," Bunce pronounced.

"We can do it proper."

They got into the dinghy and, pulling hard, moved the heavy launch slowly up against the tide. Meanwhile the Moon had gone down. After about half a mile Lo Fing confessed himself to be somewhat at a loss. In darkness he had never sought the spot they were making for; it was very secret, and might easily be missed.

"Luckily I've an electric torch," said Michael, handing it over.

Taking care not to throw the beam upward, Lo Fing flashed the torch at intervals along the left bank of the river. At this part there were no banks properly so called. The stream was bordered by dense walls of reeds alternating with clumps of willow and other trees and masses of aquatic shrubs. Every now and then there was a break in one or another of these walls of vegetation, indicating a watercourse or tributary creek.

Presently Lo Fing uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"The unseen Powers smile upon us," he said. "Will your honourable self tell the rowers to go slow?"

A few yards farther on they came to a dark tunnel formed of interlaced trees. Preceded by the dinghy the launch penetrated this tunnel, emerging after some fifty or sixty yards into a lane of reeds.

After another hundred yards or so Lo Fing directed the rowers to pull straight into the mass of reeds on their right. The launch glided through a dense thicket, the reeds growing so tall as to shut out all view of the stars above.

From this thick mass they emerged suddenly into open water, a small pool hedged about by reeds. In the centre stood up a tiny, rugged islet.

"This is the place of destiny," said Lo Fing. "Never does any one except myself visit it. I found it by chance one day when I was shooting duck."

Lo Fing explained that for at least two li on all sides there was nothing but marsh and swamp, quite impassable except in boats, and owing to the beds of slimy mud not always accessible even by boat.

"And we remain here for the night?" asked Michael.

"In perfect safety, by the shades of all my ancestors," replied the farmer.

In spite of Lo Fing's assurance Michael took the precaution of

arranging watches as on board ship, a measure that won the full approval of Tim Bunce.

"In strange waters never trust nothing nor nobody," said the bo'sun. "That's my motto."

The watches were shared by Michael, Bunce, and Chang. Nothing happened to disturb the stillness. It was a serene, windless night; now and then the reeds gently rustled; ever and anon there was the faint splash of a fish, or a scurry as some water animal plunged among the reeds.

In the early morning, however, when Michael was taking his turn at watching and the others were fast asleep, his attention was quickened by low, confused noises from the direction of the creek—voices, splashes, strange creakings. Something was happening: what was it? Unwilling to disturb the others he dropped lightly into the dinghy and edged it out through the reeds, pulling it along by tugging at the reeds and water plants, for he could not venture to use the oars.

As he went on the noises continued and increased. Arriving at the tunnel of trees, he found a spot where, hidden himself, he could get a clear view of the main creek.

A strange sight met his curious eyes—an endless flotilla of small junks, lorchas, tankas, dropping down on the tide, some under sail, some propelled by sweeps. They were manned by crowds of robust Chinese in every variety of dress, chattering volubly in their high-pitched voices. Fascinated, Michael watched until the last of the vessels had disappeared.

"The pirates!" he thought. "Lo Fing was right as to their numbers: they swarm!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Tramp

PETER's mother had given him a shilling, and he was to have tea at the refreshment pavilion in the park all by himself. The young lady there knew him, and he had already told her that he was coming.

Peter took his eyes from the swans and looked at the clock; it was five minutes to four.

"Tea!" said the little boy joyfully to himself, and he moved away from the pond.

There were not many people about, but sitting on a bench was a shabby old man; at least, he looked old to Peter, and he certainly was very shabby. He was drawing things on the ground with his stick, and Peter noticed that his coat was very frayed. He looked thin and hungry, and as Peter passed him he sighed.

That decided Peter. He knew he could go home and have a lovely tea, but perhaps the poor man hadn't any home to go to, and even if he had perhaps he had no money to buy any tea; so the little boy went up to him and dropped the shilling into his hand.

"I can have my tea at home," he said quickly; "that will buy you some cakes." And then he ran home.

Peter's mother was out; and that was another disappointment—for he had been looking forward to that tea by himself in the park for a very long time.

But his mother soon came home; and he was telling her the story when there came a ring at the bell, and who should be standing at the door but the shabby old gentleman!

"It's Dr. Brown!" exclaimed Peter's mother, for everyone had heard of the great Dr. Brown,



He was drawing on the ground

the man who was thinking out things. "I expect he's come to see Daddy."

The old gentleman nodded. When he caught sight of Peter he smiled.

"Your little boy took me for a tramp," he said, "and I'm not surprised. I'm always forgetting to buy myself new clothes. I found out your address from the young woman at the pavilion," he told Peter. "I've come to take you out to tea, if your mother will let you go. See, I have hung the shilling on my watch-chain; and there it is going to stay, in memory of a little boy who did a generous deed."

July 28, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



Dear Land, Our Hearts Are All With Thee



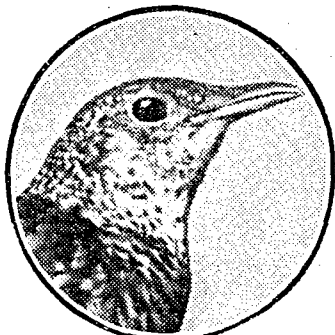
THE BRAN TUB

Changed Letters

I AM a flower made up of four letters; change my first, and I am a part of your face; change my second, and I am a verb meaning to get up; change my third, and I am a thick cord; change my last, and I am a Scottish county.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



White's Thrush

This bird, which is about a foot in length and because of its size is sometimes mistaken for a woodcock, is a native of Japan, visiting England very rarely. It is beautifully marked, the upper plumage being variegated with several shades of yellow and brown, while the under parts are white. Seven or eight specimens have been found in Europe.

A Village Stamp

WE gave the other day a stamp issued by Bolton in memory of Samuel Crompton, and we suggested that every town should have its set of stamps. We are delighted to have from an old C.N. friend this very interesting village stamp.



It is sent to us by the Vicar of Giggleswick-in-Craven, the village that is to be famous in June as the headquarters of the Astronomer Royal for seeing the eclipse of the Sun. We should like to see many other of our interesting towns and villages copy this excellent idea of Giggleswick-in-Craven.

Is Your Name Tedman?

THE T in Tedman represents the word saint, so that the name was originally that of St. Edmund. Thus the first Tedman probably lived by a church or in a place named after the saint. Sometimes the name was spelled Tednam. It may be noted that Bury St. Edmund's was sometimes called Tednamsbury.

Ici On Parle Français



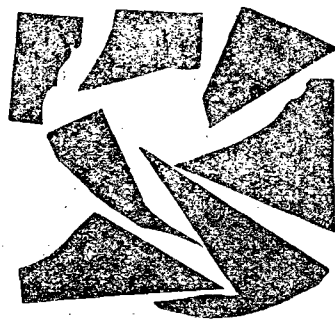
Une abeille

Le hêtre

Le mendiant

L'abeille nous donne le bon exemple. Les hêtres ont l'écorce très lisse. Donnez un sou à ce pauvre mendiant.

Black and White Jig-Saw



CUT out or trace carefully these black pieces and rearrange them so as to form a swallow. The figure will appear white on a black background.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE landrail and quail are first heard. Young whitethroats and linnets are fledged. The young broods of pheasants are hatched. The spotted flycatcher lays its eggs. The red-breast lays a second time. The common blue butterfly, puss moth, four-spot ted dragon-fly, and small garden chafer appear. The goose-grass, corn crowfoot, syringa, yellow rattle, buckthorn, elder, marsh orchis, burnet rose, rough chervil, snowberry, deadly nightshade, clustered bellflower, and common red poppy are in flower.



Looking South 10.30 p.m., June 3

A Riddle in Rhyme

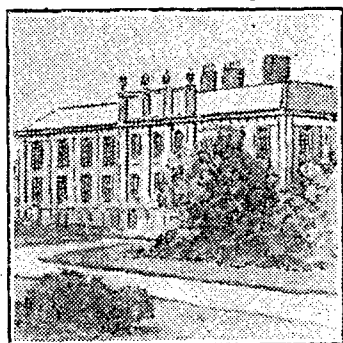
My first is in paper but not in cloth,
My second's in insect and also in moth,
My third is in cotton but not in reel,
My fourth is in zealous and also in zeal.
My fifth is in fishing but not in bait,
My sixth is in country and also in state,
My seventh's in writing but not in note,
My eighth is in collar and also in coat,
My ninth is in sentry but not in guard,
My whole is a word meaning thought or regard.

Answer next week

Proverbs About Poverty

A LIGHT purse makes a heavy heart.
He that is content with his poverty is wonderfully rich.
Little wealth, little care.
Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.
Poverty is no crime and no credit.
Poverty is the mother of all arts.

Mistakes That Everybody Makes



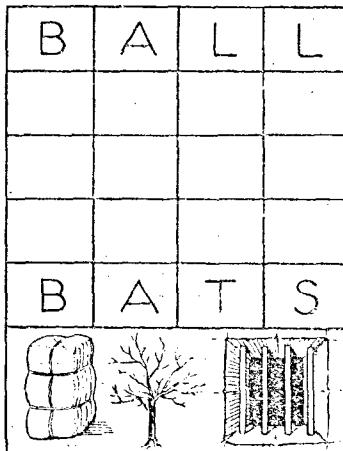
KENSINGTON PALACE, where Queen Victoria was born, is not situated in Kensington; it is really in Westminster.

A Built-Up Word

WITHOUT my first the fragrant rose
Unvalued might its sweets disclose;
My next's a temper, sportive, free,
Most pleasing in society;
United in my whole you'll find
Beauty and sweetness both combined.

Answer next week

Changeling



Change the word Ball into Bats with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

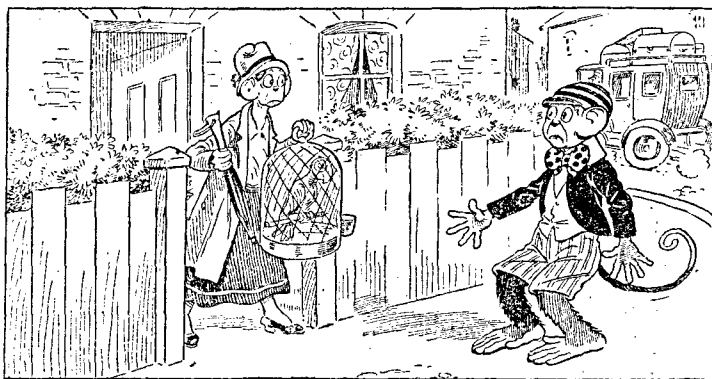
Jacko Gives a Helping Hand

JACKO wasn't at all pleased when his mother asked him to post a letter for her one day. He generally liked running errands, but he happened to be deep in a cross word puzzle just then and didn't want to be disturbed.

Of course he did post the letter in the end, but he was very disagreeable about it, and Mrs. Jacko got quite cross with him. "A nice world it would be," she said, "if we never did anything to help one another!"

Jacko felt quite ashamed of himself before he reached the pillar-box. He was really very good-natured, and always tried to help other people. And on his way back he had a good opportunity to show how helpful he could be.

Outside old Miss Ape's house was an ancient four-wheeler, and on the doorstep stood Miss Ape herself, arguing with the driver. "No, mum," he was saying, "I couldn't carry down your



She suddenly appeared, clutching the parrot

luggage, not for a hundred pounds. I've got a weak heart, and it would be the death of me."

"Then how am I to get it down?" said Miss Ape, wringing her hands. "I can't lift it myself, and my train goes in half-an-hour!" And the tears came into her eyes.

Jacko rushed up in the nick of time.

"All right, ma'am," he said cheerfully. "Don't you worry! I'll see to your luggage!"

Miss Ape's tears disappeared as if by magic. She was so glad to see Jacko that she nearly kissed him.

"Come inside," she said, "and I will show you where it is."

And she led Jacko upstairs to where the boxes were piled up on the landing.

Even Jacko felt depressed when he saw what a lot of packages there were. The old lady really might have been moving house.

"I doubt if all this will go on the cab," Jacko said, staring at it gloomily.

Miss Ape began to cry again. She said she couldn't possibly leave anything behind, and in the end Jacko pacified her by saying he would see what he could do.

Miss Ape hovered round him anxiously at each journey he made downstairs. She told Jacko what was inside each box, and how fragile and precious everything was, and how nothing must be shaken.

"And do take care of the parrot!" she implored Jacko. "I think you'd better leave him. I'll carry him myself."

Jacko wasn't sorry when the cab was loaded up and the man had driven away; but he comforted himself by thinking what a good turn he had done Miss Ape.

"She would never have caught the train without me," he said proudly, patting himself on the chest.

But Miss Ape didn't think much of Jacko's good turn when she suddenly appeared out of the house, clutching the parrot. Jacko had sent off the cab without her!

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

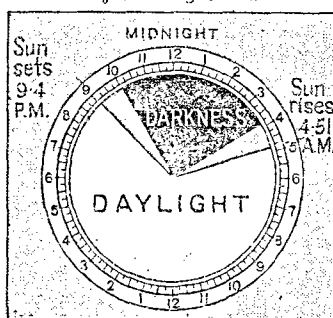
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

The figures for four weeks in 12 towns.				
TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1927	1926	1927	1926
London	6194	6558	3879	4846
Birmingham	1421	1516	876	1063
Manchester	1082	1319	718	844
Dublin	735	859	591	499
Leeds	616	740	462	534
Bristol	517	568	303	368
Nottingham	378	405	250	278
Cardiff	342	285	212	209
Norwich	194	189	111	95
Stockport	175	175	102	147
Brighton	168	173	111	134
Luton	73	69	43	39

The four weeks are up to April 30 1927

The four weeks are up to April 30, 1927

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

A Complete Cure

MR. BROWN: The doctor said he would put me on my feet again in six weeks.

Mr. Smith: And did he?

Mr. Brown: Yes; I had to sell my car to pay his bill.

Up and Down



"The corn," cried Snip, "is coming up!"
Snap answered with a frown:
"You're wrong! That greedy crow can prove
That corn is going down!"

As a Last Resort

So you actually keep a dog, Johnson, you who can hardly keep your wife! What on earth do you feed him on?

Oh, I give him cat's meat when I can afford it, and when I can't he just has to do with what we have ourselves.

WHAT has only one foot?

A stocking.

Idol Worship

SUE had tried in vain to break him of smoking. "I see you're at your idol again," she said tartly, as she met him in the village street. "Yes," was the reply; "but I'm burning it."

The Grin That Faded

A CHESHIRE CAT grinned for a day. For a week, for a month, so they say. Then he started to frown. For a dog of the town Chased the smile (and the smiler) away!

Preposterous!

I HEAR you've taken your boy away from the school, Tompkins. What made you do that?

Well, sir, I found the schoolmaster was too ignorant for anything.

Oh, but I'm told he is a very good man.

Well, all I know is that he wanted my boy to spell taters with a P, and that's not good enough for me.

WHY are watches like grasshoppers?
Because they move by springs.

Stop Press

WHAT's that space without any printing in it for, Jim, at the bottom corner?

Why, that's for the folk who can't read, of course.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzles

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:



A Word Square

ROPE
OPAL
PACK
ELKS

Irish Towns

Cork, Limerick, Antrim, Castlebar, Waterford, Gal(lon)way.

What Am I? A tree

The Shoemaker

The man was a blacksmith making horseshoes.

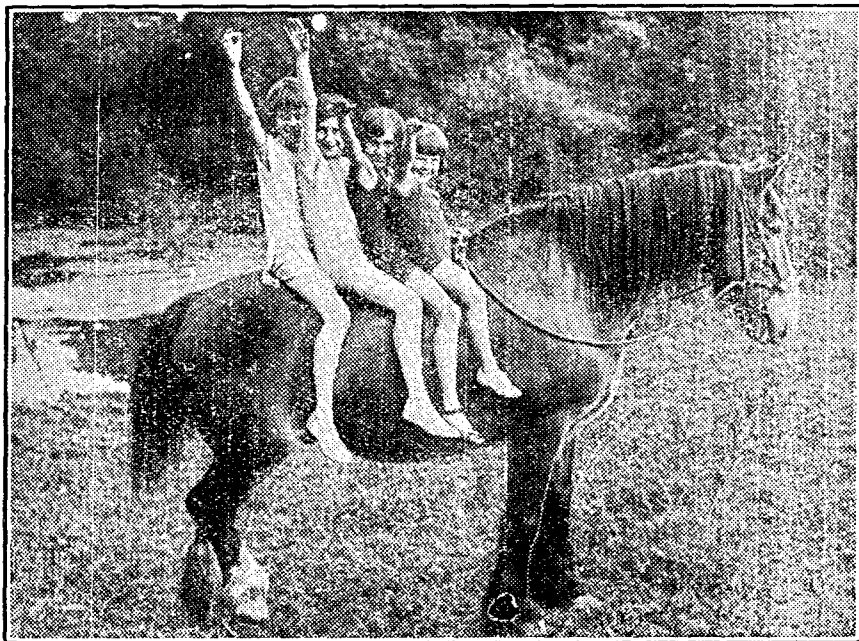
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

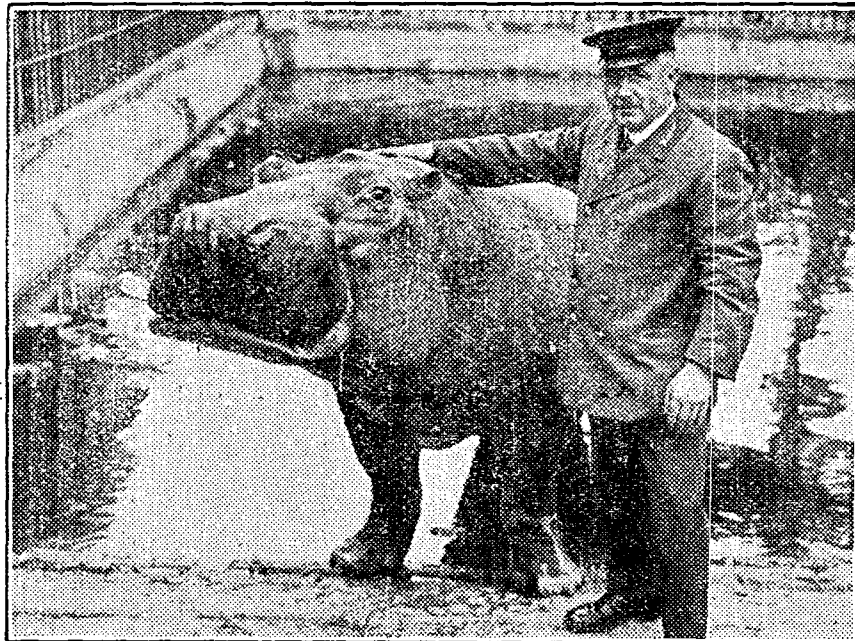
May 28, 1927 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad or 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

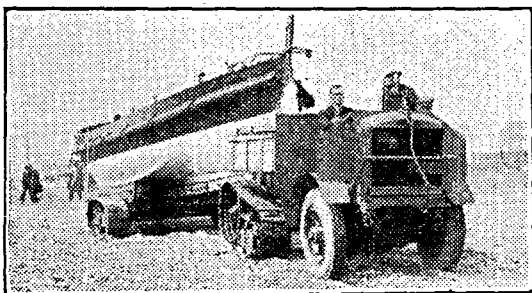
LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT · THE OSIER HARVEST · SHEARING THE SHEEP



Down to the Sea on Horseback—During a recent heat wave the four girls in this picture wanted to bathe, and although they were quite near the sea they mounted a horse belonging to the farm where they were staying and enjoyed the fun of riding down to the beach



The Baby Hippo's Nurse—For the first time in fifty years a baby hippopotamus has been successfully reared at the London Zoo, and much of the credit of this achievement belongs to his keeper, Mr. A. Bowman, who is shown in this picture with one of the full-grown hippos



A Car for Launching Lifeboats—A tractor with caterpillar wheels has been built specially for launching lifeboats on shingle beaches. Here we see it undergoing a test



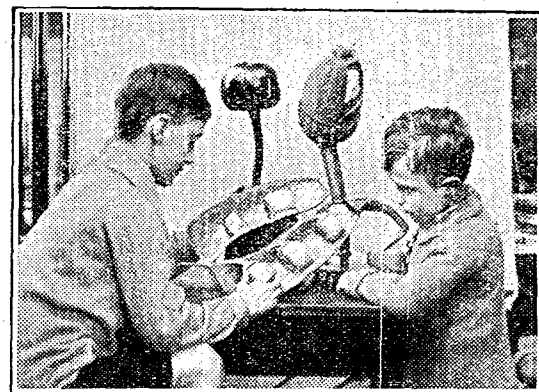
A Long Jump Into the Water—The open-air baths at Highbury Fields, London, have already attracted the people who bathe regularly throughout the summer. In this picture we see a father and his daughter jumping from the high diving-board



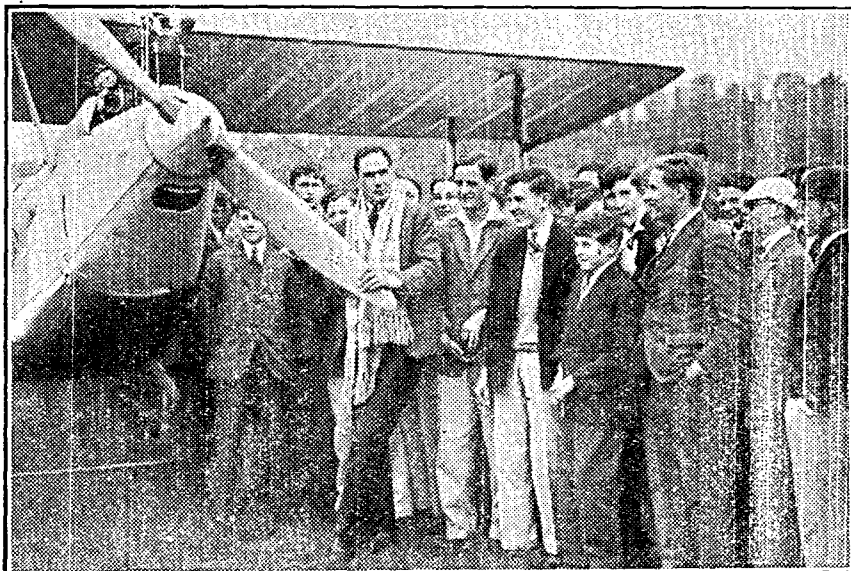
A Builder in Shanghai—This picture shows a Chinese coolie building the bamboo framework of one of the hangars for British aeroplanes recently sent to Shanghai



Growing Osiers for Baskets—Osiers for making the fish-baskets that are used in Billingsgate Market are grown on an island in the Thames at Chiswick. These men are taking a boatload of osiers to the mainland



Natural History from Models—At the Science Museum, South Kensington, big models of fruit, flowers, and vegetables are used to instruct schoolchildren. These two boys are looking at the inside of a giant pea pod



An Old Boy Flies to His Old School—Mr. Lacayo recently flew from Southampton to Windsor and landed in the playing-fields of his old school, where he lectured to the boys on flying



Sheep Lose Their Winter Coats—The sheep-shearing season has begun, and in this photograph here we see some of the shearers clipping off the wool at a farm at Goring-on-Thames

IS A ZOO A HAPPY PLACE? SEE THE C.N. MONTHLY—MY MAGAZINE—FOR JUNE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper, and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R